

JOURNAL
OF THE
REVEREND PETER JACOBS,

Indian Wesleyan Missionary,

FROM

RICE LAKE TO THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY,
AND RETURNING.

COMMENCING MAY, 1852.

WITH

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,

AND

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSION IN
THAT COUNTRY.

New-York :

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

200 MULBERRY-STREET.

1857.







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PETER JACOBS'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

IN the year 1824 I first heard the gospel preached by the Rev. William Case; before that time I was a heathen, and so were all the tribes of Canada West. When I was a lad, I never heard an Indian pray, as Christians pray, to the Great Being. Our people believed in the existence of a Great Being, the maker of all things; but we thought that God was so very far away that no human voice could reach him; and, indeed, we all believed that God did not meddle with the affairs of the children of men.

I, as well as the people of my tribe, was very cruel and wicked, because there was no fear of God in our heart, and no fear of punishment; but every man settles his own affairs by the force of his tomahawk; that is to say, by burying his tomhawk in the people's heads, and that ends all disputes. The Indians made their women do all their work, and the men did little or nothing in heathen life. The women made the wigwam, and removed it when necessary, carrying it on their backs; and they chopped the wood, and carried it home on their backs. They brought the venison home, when the deer was killed by their husbands; they dressed the skins for their husbands' clothes, and made the coats, shirts, and moccasins, which completes the Indian dress, as you now see in the picture;—all was done by the women. Notwithstanding the poor women did all this, they got very little gratitude from their heathen husbands.

I will just relate to you one of my prayers in heathen life. "O God the Sun, I beseech you to hear my prayer, and to direct my steps through the woods in that direction where the deer is feeding, that I may get near him, shoot him, and kill him, and have something to eat thereby."

And this was all the prayer I ever made. There is nothing about soul-salvation in that prayer. Some pray for fish, or ducks, or rabbits, or whatever they wish to get.

At length the missionary came and began to preach about Christ, and how he died for me; but I first said, "No; that is the white man's God, and white man's religion; and that God would not have anything to do with the Indians." But he assured me God would save me, if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and, as a proof, he read portions of Scripture to me again and again. And then, at last, I began to think that he must be right, and I must be wrong, because he read the "book of God" (as we call the Bible) to me. Then I began to pray, for the first time, in English. I only then knew a few words. I said, "O God, be merciful to me, poor Indian boy, great sinner." And the word of God had now got hold of my heart, but it made me feel very sick in my heart. I went to bed, and I could not sleep, for my thoughts troubled me very much. Then I would pray the words over and over again, and got more and more sick in my heart. I was very sorry that God could not understand my Ojibway. I thought God could only understand English. And when I was praying tears came spontaneously from my eyes; and I could not understand this, because I had been taught from infancy never to weep. In this misery I passed three or four weeks. I then met with Peter Jones, who was converted a few months before me: and to my surprise, I heard him return thanks at meal in Ojibway. This was quite enough for me. I now saw that God could understand me in my Ojibway, and therefore went far into the woods, and prayed, in the Ojibway tongue, to God, and said: "O God, I was so ignorant and blind that I did not know that thou couldst understand my Ojibway tongue! Now, O God, I beseech thee to be gracious to me, a sinner! Take away this sickness that I now feel in my heart; for all my sins lay very heavy in my heart. Send now thy Holy Spirit to come work in my heart! Let the blood of Christ be now applied to my heart, that all my sins may depart!"

Though I could now pray in this way in my native tongue, yet God did not seem to think it best to hear my prayers at this time, but left me to pass many miserable nights.

And I cried out again : " O God, I will not let thee alone ! I shall trouble thee with my prayers till thou bless me ! " And at last God heard my prayers, and he took away this heavy sickness of heart, but not till many tears had been shed. And when this sickness was taken away from my heart, then I experienced another feeling, which was " joy in the Holy Ghost," which was indeed " full of glory." My tongue could not express the joy I then felt. I could say nothing but, " Happy, happy ! " When I found this religion of Christ so sweet in the heart of man, I wanted all my people then to know of the great and true God ; but they all said, No ; that I was wrong ; that I had been to the white man's God, and not the Saviour of the Indians. But I said, that God was the Saviour of all the nations of the earth ; for I know in my own heart what he has done for me ; and what he has done for me he can do for you. And they began to pray for mercy and the forgiveness of their sins ; and they, praying in strong faith, many of them were converted ; and now, at this time, there are hundreds that are converted among the North American Indians. I was the first fruits of the missionary labors in my tribe. After was I converted, I became a prayer-leader, and afterward, when the Indians were settled in houses, I became a class-leader, then a local preacher.

When I was a local preacher, I used to preach very long, very hard, and very often. Once I had been preaching till eleven at night to the converted Indians from Lake Simcoe, and was just finishing, when the Indians said : " When we were heathen, we never gave up drinking the fire-waters the whole night ; and why should we now go to bed ? Why should we not go on singing, and praising God till daylight ? " I was young and full of spirits ; and though I had just done preaching, I began again, and preached a great part of the night.

After their conversion, the Indians were settling in houses ; and I built myself a large house, and then began to keep a store, and made a comfortable living by selling things ; but I wished to be a missionary to the tribes of Indians who had not heard the gospel ; and I offered myself for the mission work, and was accepted, sold off my store, and went as a missionary.

I have been a missionary for sixteen years. Twelve

years I have been in the Far West, among the Indians in the Hudson's Bay Territory.

In the year 1842 I came to England, and was ordained in the Centenary-Hall, and in 1843 was sent back to the Hudson's Bay Territory. I cannot tell you about all the tribes of Indians that I have visited, it would take too long. I have preached to many poor Indians in their heathen state, and they have become Christians. At Norway House I first formed seven classes, and helped the Indians to build eleven houses; kept school for children and married women. This mission is now one of the best in the Hudson's Bay Territory. There are more than three hundred hearers, fine chapel, and eighty children in the school. Since I have been in the Hudson's Bay Territory there has been slow progress made among the Indians. There have not been many converts; but the Indians are not so wicked as they were. I am now going back, and my heart is altogether bent to go to Hudson's Bay.

PETER JACOBS.

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JACOBS.

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THURSDAY, MAY 6th, 1852.—This morning at ten o'clock I left this fine Wesleyan Mission at Rice Lake. The Indians of this mission are far advanced in civilization; they are all dressed like Europeans; on Sundays the congregation dress very well; the women have fine gowns on, &c.; and the blanket, which they formerly used as an article of dress, is now seen no longer, but is exchanged for a shawl. There are choirs of Indians in the churches who sing most delightfully in time of divine service. There is another Wesleyan Mission, seven miles from this, which is in a high state of civilization; the Indians of that place have a large academy, built of brick, where young people are taught to be of use as missionaries or teachers in their country hereafter. The majority of these people are teetotalers; they take no wine or beer. The Rice Lake itself is one of the most beautiful lakes in Canada West; it is about thirty miles in length and three miles in breadth. In it wild rice grows, and consequently a great many wild ducks of all sorts frequent the lake. This is therefore a great sporting place for English gentlemen. In its waters abound muskinoonj, babs, eels, and other sorts of fish that take the hook. The lake is an excellent place for angling and trolling; very often gentlemen come from Boston, New-York, and other cities, to amuse themselves in angling and trolling for weeks together. Also in the forest abound deer, pheasants, and rabbits, which make good sport for a marksman. The land around this lake is of good quality and very richly timbered with all sorts of valuable timber; it is well set-

tled by English farmers, many of whom are independent gentlemen. On the north side of this beautiful lake is an Indian village, which is situated on high banks. A beautiful scenery is presented to the traveler's eye from this village, and the whole length of the lake can be seen with one glance of the eye. The beautiful scenery that this lake presents would afford abundant matter to the traveler for exercising his poetical powers. There are four little steamboats on the lake, which are employed in bringing goods from village to village, and taking in return cargoes of wheat and other grain from Peterborough; some of them are also employed in bringing boards for the American market: by this it may be seen that the country and the lake have great resources.

At 12 o'clock we reached Harris's hotel, and landed there. Mr. Harris himself drove us in his carriage to Cobourg, which is twelve miles distant, on the fine plank road. From Cold Springs to Cobourg the country is very well settled, and many farmers live on the road. At 3 o'clock we arrived at the beautiful town of Cobourg. This beautiful town I cannot praise too highly; it is situated on elevated ground and is very healthy, for the inhabitants are refreshed by every breeze of wind that blows on Lake Ontario. In this place are many fine churches, belonging to different denominations, and on the height of the bank, at the north end of the town, stands conspicuously the beautiful college called Victoria College, belonging to the great body of Wesleyans. Within its walls at the present time are about seventy students. This excellent college has already produced many eminent men; and God grant that it may produce more excellent statesmen and ministers who shall be an honor to the province. At seven o'clock we started in a steamer for Toronto, and arrived there during the night.

Friday, 7th, 1852.—I went about from place to place, getting a few things for my use in my long voyage. The city of Toronto is one of the most splendid cities of Canada West; it is still rising, and will continue to do so; the buildings are generally of brick. The principal street formerly was King-street, but there are now many other beautiful streets, especially Yonge-street. There are many fine large wholesale stores, as well as many fine retail

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stores. In the city are four Wesleyan churches, and a few small chapels in the vicinity of the city; there are also many churches of other denominations; there are two or three colleges, and also normal, model, and common schools.

The land extending one hundred miles around this city is excellent, rich, and well covered with valuable timber; the farmers that live here are as happy as princes.

In the afternoon, at two o'clock, I met the Rev. Enoch Wood, and he gave me £25 in cash for my traveling expenses; and after I received his blessing and prayers for my safety and preservation in the journey, I parted with him.

Saturday, 8th.—I was accompanied thus far by my wife Elizabeth, and my daughter Mary, and the little baby, and my brother-in-law, Andrew Anderson, and at seven o'clock this morning, after commending each other to God's care, we parted. My wife and family then took a steamer for Cobourg and the Rice Lake. I myself went in the steamer for Niagara Falls, and the Lake Ontario being calm, we were soon over the lake, and at twelve o'clock we arrived at the old English town of Niagara. On each side of the river there is a garrison, one belonging to the English and the other to the Americans. All the soil of the Niagara district is rich, and the timber is valuable that grows here, such as the black walnut and the cherry; when the black walnut is sawed into boards it makes chests of drawers and tables, and beautiful doors for the houses of the rich; and when cherry trees are sawn, the wood appears like mahogany. There is the sugar maple, the beech, and the hickory, and also the sassafras, which has a pleasant scent.

At one o'clock we arrived at Queenston, and took the stages for the Falls, where we arrived soon after two o'clock. Here we spent two hours, and afterward I went down to see the greatest fall in the world. The cataract is indeed awfully grand; and it appeared to me as if an angry God was dwelling beneath it, for my whole frame shook as a leaf while I was viewing these mighty angry Falls. Now 't is no wonder that my forefathers, in by-gone days, should offer up sacrifices at the foot of these Falls; they used to come and pray to the God of the fall to bless them in their hunt and to prolong their life and that of their children; for every Indian believed that a God dwelt under this

mighty sheet of water; but latterly the Wesleyan missionaries have taught them better things, and told them that no God dwelt there, but pointing up to heaven, directed them to pray to him that dwells there. They now no longer come to pray to the God of the fall, but are found daily on their knees at the foot of the cross of Christ, praying through him that God might be merciful unto them sinners, and keep them in his own care.

In conclusion, I would just say that English gentlemen and ladies would be well repaid if they would come and see the Falls of Niagara while they are in America. There are five or six large hotels by the Falls, some of which will contain about two hundred boarders; and there are also hotels of smaller classes, so that a gentleman can be boarded at from one dollar to four dollars a day; for these large hotels are as fashionable and as great as any of the fashionable hotels in the city of New-York.

At four o'clock, took the railway cars, and reached Buffalo in a very short time. I passed over soil very rich and well timbered. The city of Buffalo is a very important and flourishing city: it is situated at the foot of Lake Erie, and it has a very fine harbor, where all the western vessels and steamers come: more than a dozen steamers leave its wharves every day; that is to say, morning and evening. The great Erie Canal ends here, and the New-York and Albany Railroad ends here also; and there are other railroads that end here. There is a railroad that comes from the Southern States, and there is another that goes through the city of Cleveland and other cities of the West to Cincinnati, so that the city of Buffalo is becoming an important city: it is a great city of business. The main street of Buffalo is a beautiful street, and there are many fine buildings there, and many churches of different denominations, three of which belong to the Episcopal Methodists. I put up at the Western Hotel.

Sunday, 9th.—At eleven o'clock, I went to one of the Methodist chapels, and at three o'clock I went to the same chapel. At six o'clock in the evening I preached in the stone church called the Niagara Church, to the edification of a large congregation. After divine service many of the principal men of the congregation gave me thanks for my preaching, and the minister said to me that he had never

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heard an Indian preach like me, and that I was a great orator: however, I did not stand up to dispute with him, I just allowed him to tell his own opinions freely. It appears that two Sabbaths before this the Rev. Peter Jones preached in the same church, and the minister told me that the first part of my sermon was very much like his.

Monday, 10th.—In the evening at eight o'clock, after the railway cars came in from New-York and Albany, I went on board the *Ocean* steamer, which had about three hundred passengers—gentlemen and ladies. The steamers, especially the *Mayflower*, that run in connection with the railroads of the West, are most splendid and highly finished steamers; their cabins are like palace-parlors. At nine o'clock our *Ocean* began to move through fields of broken ice. I was very much afraid that her paddles would be broken; however, we got through safely. The steamer then ran through the middle of Lake Erie all night and half a day without staying at any harbor, until we reached the city of Detroit, which is about three hundred miles. The passengers in the steamer were so numerous that they could not all come to the first table. At meal times some gentlemen, fearing that they could not come to the first table, practiced this artifice. They generally took up a newspaper and began to read, in pretence of being deeply engaged in reading, and seated themselves in front of the plates, and so be in readiness when the signal would be given, to take their seats at the table; but notwithstanding their acuteness they would sometimes lose their seats and plates in the following manner: The ladies (these lower angels) as everybody knows, must have their seats provided for them at all risks, as the waiters always informed the ladies first when the meals were ready, and afterward the gentlemen; but sometimes a few of the ladies were a few minutes too late; and a gentleman who had been hitherto seated comfortably before a dish of some rich sort, hearing the approaching steps of a lady and the rustling of a silk gown, jumps up on his two feet, and to show that he is a highly polished gentleman, he offers the lady his seat and walks away, as many do, grudgingly, to wait a long hour for the next table. But on these occasions, when I find myself seated so comfortably, I generally appear to be deaf to the sound of the approaching steps of

these lower angels, and hasten to get some article on my plate, and begin to eat a mouthful or two, that none of these beauties would desire to take my seat and plate. The victuals that lay on the table were of all sorts, and the sweetmeats were too various to enumerate; all that I can say about them is that they were very fine.

I know the shores of Lake Erie well on the British and American sides. They incline to be flat. The soil is of clay, and some parts of it are sandy; but, taking it altogether, both sides of the lake are good agricultural countries, and heavily timbered. In its forests, timber is found of all sorts. There are a few ports on the British side, and small villages; but, on the American side, ports are more numerous. There are even two or three cities. The city of Cleveland is the most beautiful city on Lake Erie. It is situated on a high bank, and has a fine view of Lake Erie. Canals and railroads come into this city from all parts of the country, as well as vessels and steamers. This city is doing a great deal of business. There are other small cities on the shores of the lake belonging to the Americans. The lake itself is very shallow, and, consequently, when the wind blows high it is very rough. Its waters abound with white fish, salmon trout, and other fish. The best sorts of fish are the white fish and trout. The entrance of Detroit River is garrisoned by the British. The village and the garrison are called Amherstburgh. The scenery around this village is beautiful, and the country is level, and abounds with timber of all sorts. The whole length of Detroit River is beautiful, and the country on each side of it is picturesque, especially the Canadian side. The river is about thirty or forty miles in length, and is a beautiful river. Now comes the city of Detroit. It was formerly a French city, but now it belongs to the Americans, and is the capital of Michigan. It has many fine buildings and many fine streets. It is becoming very important, and is a great city of business in the West. The railroad to Chicago begins here, so that one going thither might go by the railroad, or around by the lakes in a steamer. The word Chicago is a corruptible form of the word Shekakong, which means the "place of a shunk."

Opposite Detroit is a little village called Sandwich, on the British side, where there is a British post-office. The

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country around it appears to be a fine farming country; all the ground in the district of Detroit is flat, and the land is well timbered with all sorts of timber, but it is a very bad country for the fever. If any person wishes to catch it he may go there in summer.

Wednesday, 12th.—Remained all day in the city, saw nothing worth relating; but I shall relate the following circumstance. As I was passing one of the grog-shops in the streets I heard a man talk very roughly, and he swore to the master of the house that if he did not give him another glass of whisky, he would lay him flat on the ground in two seconds; the landlord replied, "Not a drop will you get." The tall Yankee that I now got a sight of, cursed and swore at the master that if he did not give him another glass he would flatten him like a pancake in two seconds, at the same time showing his fist, now holding it near the end of the master's nose. The tall Yankee then said, "You are an ungrateful being, I have spent many dollars here, and you will not give me another glass;" the landlord then said, "No." He was of very little stature, and the Yankee could have had no trouble in giving the landlord a good thrashing. However, he was just going to pounce upon him when a servant man came out from one of the rooms, and said to the tall Yankee, "I guess you better walk out of this." The tall Yankee showed his fist again, and the servant by this time got hold of him by the collar, and dragged him out to the street and gave him a blow under the ear, which stupefied the tall Yankee, and made him stand speechless for a long time. This was all that was done unto him, and he never spoke again, but quietly walked away. I think that the blow did him a great deal of good.

Thursday, 13th.—Before daylight our steamer *London* was off, and passed the little Lake St. Clair, before I was from my cabin for breakfast. The Lake St. Clair is a small lake, of about thirty or more miles in circumference; all its banks are very low, but the land is good and heavily timbered. There are many farms around the lake. The St. Clair River is a very fine river; it has very fine banks; the land is good and possesses much valuable timber of all sorts. The only fault about the country further back is, that it inclines to be swampy. In the interior the inhabitants suffer much in the summer from fever and ague. Thousands,

and I may say millions of all kinds of fish abound in the river; the fish are caught by means of the spear, the hook, the net, and seine. In the woods further back from the river abound deer, bears, rabbits, elks, partridges, wild turkeys, and other animals. The marshes abound with ducks. The St. Clair River is about sixty miles in length, and it has many fine villages on each side of the river. Farmers settle on both sides. The east side belongs to the English, and the west to the Americans. The river runs from north to south. By the appearance of the houses the farmers are well off. The whole of the country that I have now traveled over for three hundred miles, is very good for wheat and other grain, wild and cultivated fruits of all sorts, such as apples, peaches and plums; and there are also in some parts of the Western Province wild crab-apples. At the inlet of the River of St. Clair are two villages, the English village is called Port Sarnia, but the American village opposite is much larger than the English. On the English side, adjoining Port Sarnia, we have an Indian Wesleyan Mission; as the steamboat went along close by the Indian Mission, I perceived that the Indians, and their wives, and their children, appeared to be well dressed. They were busily employed in their agricultural operations, and some of them were collecting wood for the steamboats. The Indians appear to be well off. I should have been glad to have spent a day with them. St. Clair village appears to be healthy, as it is daily refreshed by the breezes that blow on Lake Huron. The clay of the land is mixed with sand. About a mile from this village, toward the lake, there are beautiful sandy plains, with a few oak trees standing here and there; it would be an excellent place for a gentleman to live in. At the entrance of the river is a beautiful sandy beach, where the fishermen catch thousands and thousands of white fish in the fall. On the east side of Lake Huron, that is toward the town of Goderich and Saugeeng, I have traveled by land, and I found the soil very good. The trees that grow on it are the oak, beech, maple, pine, and other trees, which make valuable timber. This is a fine country for farmers. The country generally inclines to be flat, but on the American side, which runs north-west, the land is excellent, and much heavy timber is obtained from the land.

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At 6 o'clock in the evening we were fairly out to sea, and our steamer ran all right. The night was very calm.

Friday, 14th. Calm day. Our steamer made great progress. We saw the land all day on the left at a distance. At 4 o'clock we were near Mackinaw, and met a heavy fog. Mackinaw comes from an Indian word Meshen-emahkenoong, the immense turtle. On account of the heavy fog our steamer lost its way, and was wandering about during the night.

Saturday, 15th, 1852. When it became clear in the morning we were near Mackinaw; the passengers were glad that they did not run ashore during the night. Mackinaw is a high, splendid island; many parts of it are more than a hundred feet high, and some parts are very precipitous. The top of the island is flat, and is good for farming. There is an American garrison on the summit. The town of Mackinaw lies in a bay at the foot of the high ground. The lower classes of the inhabitants of the island support themselves principally by fishing; for white fish and salmon trout are caught here in great abundance in all seasons of the year, and especially in the fall. The town has a few stores and grog-shops, and there is a new hotel at the old Presbyterian Mission at the point. There is a Romish church here and a Presbyterian church. Travelers, when they are on the summit of the island, have a most splendid view of the straits of Michigan, and the shores and islands on the west; and on the east side they have a fine view of Lake Huron and its islands. There is a breeze constantly passing and repassing over the island. This is the place for invalids to come and improve their health.

We were at this beautiful harbor for an hour, and the men took in their wood for the boat; after this, we were off again for the Sault. When we were about eight miles from Mackinaw, toward the east, we beheld a steamer in a bay in difficulty. Her bows were high and dry upon the sandy beach; she raised a signal of distress for our steamer, and when we arrived there most of the passengers, and especially the females, were crying. I do not suppose they knew why they cried. After a loss of time for an hour, the *London steamer* got the other steamer off by the use of her cable ropes and chains. The steamer had about three hundred passengers; she was one of the large steam-

ers. When they were off, they gave our captain three cheers. Poor fellows! They then went away to Chicago. It is said by the passengers that our captain will get about four hundred dollars for his trouble.

At noon we rounded the detour, on the west side of Drummond's Island, which is about thirty miles from Mackinaw, and forty miles from the Sault. The islands now assume a different aspect from what we were accustomed to see of fine rich lands. At this place, wherever you direct your eye, you see the granite stones showing their teeth to you; and the timber that you see is scrubby pine, poplar, and white birch. I have traveled again and again on the north shore of Lake Huron, and I am sorry to say, that the islands and the main land on this side are nothing but barren rocks. Very little good soil, if there is any, is found in the valleys. Manitoulin Island is the only exception to the bad land, and it is only the soil on the east half side of the island which is good. Maple and other hard timber grow on this island. It is about seventy miles in length. The Church Missionary Society, and the Romish Church, have missions on the good part of the island. At the Church Mission, in one of the bays of the island, are government stores, and a government Indian Agent resides here, who gives annual presents to the Indians, who assemble in hundreds at this place. The Indians subsist by fishing in the summer, and procuring furs in the winter, which they give in exchange for clothing.

We now passed on the south side of St. Joseph's Island, which is about thirty miles in length. Some parts of the soil are good, maple and other hard timber growing thereon; but other parts are rocky and mountainous. One Major Raines and some other gentlemen are trying to colonize the lands. The Indians say that the mountains of this island have rich copper mines, but they do not show the veins of copper ore to the white man for fear of making the god of the copper mine angry, and thus losing their lives by it. The Indians are very superstitious respecting all mines, for they believe that there is a god over every mine. On one of the beautiful points of the island there stands the remains of an old British fort: this must have been a fine place when the troops were here. We now passed by many inferior islands; and I found the country had a dismal ap-

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pearance. At sunset we reached the Garden River; and here the Wesleyans are forming an Indian Mission, and there are already many little houses on the banks, and many little gardens. I think in a few years this will be an important mission. About two or three miles back from the mission there are mountainous places, jutting out their rugged peaks, which seem to defy the farmer, and say, "There is no farming here."

At 9 o'clock we anchored at the American town of St. Mary's, which lies at the foot of the Falls of St. Mary's. The new town of St. Mary's is rising very fast and becoming important. It has improved very much since I was here, in 1836, as missionary to the Sault Indians, on the American side. I was glad to find many of my old converts here, and that they were still faithful, and serving the Lord their God. Their mission has been removed from the Sault to a place ten miles above it, where the Indians are now cultivating the soil. The town of St. Mary's has a few large stores and many small ones, two fine hotels, and a few inns and small grog-shops. The missionaries here are Episcopal Methodists, Baptists, and Romish priests. The American government are proposing to make a canal here, which will be about three quarters of a mile in length. The canal is to be one hundred feet wide at the surface, seventy-five at bottom, and twelve feet deep; there are to be two locks, three hundred and twenty-five feet in length and seventy-five feet in width. The probable cost will be less than half a million of dollars. The rapids, or as it is called the Fall of St. Mary's, has a descent of twenty-one feet. Canoes and boats can run down the rapids without any harm. The width of these rapids is nearly one mile. Near the foot of the fall there is an excellent fishery; Indians and half-breeds scoop the finest white fish in all the seasons of the year. They are the most excellent fish in the country. O how I feasted on them while I remained here! The Indians and half-breeds make a great deal of money by their fish. The Honorable Hudson's Bay Company have an establishment on the other side of the river. One or two or more steamers, as well as sailing vessels, come here once every week, from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Penetanguishine, or Penahtahwahngosheeng, the latter being an Indian word, meaning the tumbling sand-banks. Our

steamer *London* landed here one hundred and fifty passengers, and the majority of them have gone to the mines of Lake Superior.

The population of those now engaged in the mines of Lake Superior is eight thousand, and one thousand are in commercial business. This is very well for Lake Superior.

Sunday, 16th.—I went to hear the Episcopal clergyman, Dr. Omeara, preach this morning; he read his sermon, so and so. He is rather defective in his delivery. In the evening I gave a short exhortation to those who were present in the same chapel. It rained very hard in the evening, and the whole of the next day—that is the 17th—so that I saw very little of Sault Ste. Marie that day. The Methodist clergyman of this place is a good man: he is the superintendent of the Indian Missions in these parts. He was just now about to take a tour to visit his missions on the southern shore of Lake Superior, Fondulac, Sandy Lake, and Red Lake.

Tuesday, 18th.—The day was fine. I dined with John Johnston, Esquire, and his lady, and I found them affable and kind. This John Johnston is a son of the late great John Johnston of Sault Ste. Marie. After dinner, the Hudson's Bay canoes arrived. The number of men in the canoes was about thirty; they had a young clerk with them named Mr. Taylor.

Wednesday, 19th.—At ten o'clock I left my hotel at Sault Ste. Marie, and went over to the other side of the river, to the Hudson's Bay House, and after being furnished with provisions, we were at the further side of the Portage at two o'clock. The number of passengers now in the canoes, excluding myself, was two, viz: Francis Ermatinger, Esquire, chief trader, and young Mr. Taylor. The Canadians and Iriquois now pushed off and gave us some of their beautiful Canadian canoe songs. We encamped at a place about fifteen miles from the Sault, called Point Pine. This was a fine encampment for us. The soil of this place is of light sand, and the timber is nothing but pine; and indeed I may say here in my Journal—Farewell, ye beautiful lands of Canada, we shall not see you for many a long day.

Thursday, 20th.—At four o'clock we started, and breakfasted at the Gros Cap, eighteen miles from our encamp-

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ment. It is the first point that projects out into the lake, and it has a beautiful mountain on it. Many gentlemen and ladies come here to the mountain to have a view of the splendid Lake Superior, and then return to their eastern homes. After breakfast, the men pulled away across a long traverse of fifteen miles, called Gooley's Bay, and dined on an island in the traverse. After dinner, we hoisted sail, and sailed very well this day. At five o'clock we passed the Lake Superior mines; and there we saw twenty or thirty houses, one or two of which are very large. At seven o'clock we went into Montreal River, and encamped in it. We made about sixty miles this day. The face of the country is a mass of rocks; we passed very little good land to-day: at Gooley's Bay we saw some good land, for there are sugar maple trees growing there; and the Indians of this part make a great deal of sugar in the spring. A great many fish are caught by the Indians here. They employ different ways to take them, namely, by means of nets in the fall; and by spearing them, and angling in the winter, in holes made in the ice.

Friday, 21st.—Windbound here till noon: we found the time very long; the half day appeared to be as long as two days. The men were grumbling and complaining, and they seemed to be the most miserable of all men. They were saying one to another about the guide: "Why not go at once?" But our guide was a trusty man; he would not let them go until he thought it safe for them to go. After dinner the guide gave the word to go, and in a few minutes we were again afloat on the lake, rolling up and down on its waves. When we got off about fifteen miles from our encampment, the sea and the wind began to rise higher and higher; and as the rocks of the mountains on land were very steep, the sea dashed its waves against the rocks, and it became very rough. The canoe jumped so high, and went down again on the water, that I was afraid something very serious would happen to the canoe. We were in this condition for half an hour. The danger was very great; and I am not one of those cowards that are afraid when there is a little ruffling in the water, but I have been frequently called the brave voyager. As we were passing along the rocks, one or two waves dashed into our canoe, so that one of the men was constantly bailing out the water.

We were not in danger of upsetting, but we were afraid that the bark at the bottom of the canoe would break, as it sometimes happens to the canoe in a heavy gale in this fresh water sea. We encamped for the evening near the mountains, and point called by the Indians Nanahboshoo. We only made thirty-five miles this day. The conversation this evening was about the danger of to-day. It appears that the men in the other canoes were as afraid as our men. Our new hands, called Pork Eaters, said, they thought they would be drowned. It must be remembered that we had three canoes in all.

There is a large stone here, near the Nanahboshoo Mountains, which is very remarkable. The stone looks as if some man had set on the rock and made an impression on it, as one would on the snow in winter. This was not carved by any Indian, but it is very natural. The impression is very large, and is about six times as large as an impression made in the snow by a man. The Indians say that Nanahboshoo, a god, sat here long ago, and smoked, and that he left it for the west. Every time the Indians pass here, they leave tobacco at the stone, that Nanahboshoo might smoke in his kingdom in the west. The Indians tell many traditions respecting Nanahboshoo, and of his wonderful deeds. About the mountain there are many precious stones to be found, which the Indians collect and sell at Sault Ste. Marie.

Saturday, 22d.—At one o'clock this morning our guide gave the command for embarking, and in a short time the men were again on the water. It was very calm, and we came on very well. At eight o'clock we arrived at Michipicoton, the Company's Fort. John Swanson, Esquire, the gentleman in charge, is a very good man; he gave us a very kind reception, and we took breakfast with him.

All the coast that we made before breakfast, for twenty miles, is of barren rocks. Some of the mountains are almost perpendicular at the water's edge; some of them are more than two hundred feet high. They are so high that they make the passenger's neck quite tired by constantly looking up to the top of the mountain from the water's edge.

Michipicoton River is found at the foot of a deep bay. It is a beautiful place for a fort. The whole bay, or the

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After breakfast we again started. We had beautiful calm weather. I know the men must have made more than sixty miles to-day. All the coast that we passed over to-day is barren. In the hills and valleys are found blue hucca berries, which are excellent for food. They are found in great abundance; but oftentimes bears are to be contended with before the berries are taken away, for they claim the sole right of the berries, and thus they become rather dangerous customers if any persons infringe on their rights.

Sunday, 23d.—This morning, at half-past three o'clock, before we could really finish saying our prayers, the guide had his canoes already on the water, and so we had to start off. In the evening, we encamped at a place about one mile from Fort Pic. Our coast the whole day was of the same appearance as the day before: there were nothing but barren rocks and mountains.

In the evening, Ahtikoos, a young Indian belonging to the Wesleyans, and who was formerly a member of Rev. Thomas Hurlburt's church, of this place, came to see me. I asked him if he was still a Wesleyan, or if he had joined the Roman Catholics or not. His answer was, that he was still a Wesleyan, and he intended never to be any but that; I therefore gave him a good exhortation to fear God and to love him; and if he did so, God would be gracious to him in his last days. He told me he had not the least doubt that the Indians of this place would embrace Christianity if a missionary came to reside among them. I told him the day may come when a missionary shall come to see you. Ahtikoos could read the Indian translations he had with him, and the books the Roman Catholics use. The priest offered to baptize him, but he frankly refused, saying, he did not wish to be baptized again.

Monday, 24th.—At half-past three o'clock we were off again from Pic, after commending Ahtikoos to the care of God, and bidding him farewell. We crossed two large traverses; the first was about ten miles in width, and the second about eight miles. We then breakfasted at a late hour, and after a delay of one hour we were off again. We made about twenty miles since we started till we had

breakfast. We passed a great many islands. At one o'clock we dined at one of the islands, and after some delay, we went away again. In the evening we encamped on an island: made sixty miles to-day. The coast and the islands we passed are barren rocks. This is no place for farmers. Many excellent fish are caught along the coast, such as white fish, salmon trout and sturgeon. The Indians catch them at all seasons of the year with nets, hooks and spears.

Tuesday, 25th.—A fine calm day: the men made very good progress. As we passed through one of the narrows this evening, we saw a house that belonged to one of the Mining Company's men, who had now left it. At seven o'clock in the evening we encamped on an island nearly opposite the Thunder Mountain. We made about sixty miles to-day.

Wednesday, 26th.—At half-past three o'clock we left the island, and soon went round the Thunder Mountain. The reason that it is called Thunder Mountain, or Ahnemekee Wacheo, according to the Indians, is, that the Indians originally believed that Thunder used to come and lay her eggs on this mountain and hatch them: for the Indians believe that thunder is a large bird, possessing great power. Many of the Indians to this day believe this still. The reason they thought so, and do think so still, is founded upon what is as follows:—When the canoes are passing and re-passing the large traverse between the mountain and Fort William there is generally thunder and fog upon the mountain. The bay there is also called Thunder Bay. The Thunder Mountain is a long narrow mountain, more than two hundred feet in height, that is perpendicularly; and there is no access to the top of the mountain, unless that he who wishes to go goes a long way on the north-eastern side of the mountain, and then he can reach the top by a vale at the bottom of the mountain. There are many beautiful islands in this bay that have large towering mountains. These would make strong fortifications that would have command over the bay and the mouth of Fort William River; but the mountains are all barren rocks.

We breakfasted at one of the islands in the bay; and after breakfast, at ten o'clock, we arrived at Fort William, at the mouth of Fort William River, where we were heartily

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received by Mr. and Mrs. McKennie. We made twenty miles this morning. At dinner we lay to, and bore hard on the beautiful white fish on the table. We arose from the table, remarking that we had an excellent dinner. Mr. and Mrs. McKennie were indeed very kind to us during the short time we were with them; and we were perfectly welcome to take anything in the way of provisions, if we only asked for it.

In the afternoon, young Mr. Taylor went off with ten men in a light canoe to Red River. As Mr. Francis Ermatinger was to take charge of this fort, he remained here. I find Mr. Ermatinger a very fine traveling companion. There is no home sickness where he is. We spent here a very pleasant evening with Mr. McKennie.

Fort William is situated on beautiful ground. This fort was formerly one of the great forts of the North West Company. I was told, that in the time of its glory it was not uncommon to find a thousand men here belonging to the Company; but its greatness is now fast diminishing.

Fish are caught here in great abundance at all the seasons of the year. Fort William has a fine view of the bay and the mountains. The whole country is surrounded by barren rocky mountains; and not only this part is rocky, but all the coast from Sault Ste. Marie. The canoe route from the Sault, in and out of the bays, to Fort William, is about three hundred miles.

Thursday, 27th.—At ten o'clock we started from Fort William; and a little way up the Fort William River there is a Roman Catholic mission, which we visited, where some of the Iroquois went, made signs of the cross, and said a few short prayers. The priest has gathered about fifteen families of Indians; he speaks a little English and tolerably good Indian. He was busy in raising the frame of a chapel, and will likely, in process of time, make a good mission of this; though now newly established, it is getting on wonderfully, and the Indians are living in their wigwams.

Having staid here a few minutes, we proceeded on our voyage up against a strong current, and made about twenty-one miles this afternoon. The banks on each side of the river are high. The soil appears tolerably good, well wooded, with heavy birch, poplar, elm, and pine. I think

a farmer might make a living by cultivating these wild lands. This evening we bought ten or fifteen small sturgeon from the Indians; and in the hurry and bustle, some we paid for and some not, as the Indians were not satisfied with what we gave them, which was in Indian corn, from one to one and a half pints per sturgeon, I dare say from one to two pence. At supper time the men had a regular "blow out" on the sturgeons. We met with an Indian chief, who gave us very bad news of some of the Lac Lapulie Indians starving to death this spring. This chief, Ah De Gonse, is one of the first Indian orators in these parts, and can, without any apparent difficulty, speak for hours together. This same chief delivered a speech to his Excellency Sir George Simpson, in the spring of 1841, when some of the officers and gentlemen accompanying Sir George admired the masterly manner of his address.

Friday, 28th.—After an early breakfast, the men began to pole up against a strong current or rapid, somewhere about fifteen miles in length. The banks of the river are high, dry and sandy, the principal timber being birch, poplar, and small stunted pine. The north bank is inclining to be like a prairie, where, in the month of July, an abundance of blue berries (whortleberries) are to be found. I and eight men got out of the canoes and walked on the north bank of the river for the distance of some miles, and then got into the canoes again. After an hour's paddling, we came to a place where the men were obliged to make a half portage, by taking out part of the baggage, the current being too strong, so that when the canoe is thus discharged the men pulled them by a cord line about thirty fathoms long. After another hour's pull we came to a dead water, that is where the current was strong, and apparently no current at all. This was about two miles in length; and at the upper end of this we dined on a fine open space or plain cleared by former fires. After this, I and eight men crossed over to the south side of the river, and followed an Indian trail or path for about three miles, which brought us to the foot of the mountain Portage; and after waiting about fifteen minutes, the canoes arrived. We are now about thirty-six miles from Fort William. The stone composing this mountain is of the slate appearance. The portage itself is about a mile in length. At this place is

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one of the grandest falls of water to be seen at any of all the many noble rivers of America, and is second in grandeur to the greatest of cataracts, that of Niagara. It is worth the while of any one passing by this portage to go and take a view of these grand falls of water. The next portage being close at hand, and a little better than half a mile in length, at the upper end of it we encamped for the night. Fort William River is scarcely at some places over a quarter of a mile in breadth.

Saturday, 29th.—After an early breakfast, we started off again, and during the forenoon we made three half portages; that is, the men taking out part of the luggage, and then pulling up the canoes by lines, or poling up the rapids with the half-loaded canoes. The first regular portage we made to-day was on an island; and about five hundred yards above this is another portage; both are very short; and while the men were carrying the canoe over the portage, one of the men fell down; did not break the canoe, but it falling upon him, hurt him very much. It is not an uncommon accident for men carrying canoes to meet with such an accident as this. Sometimes it has happened that men have died by the hurt they received by falling down with the canoe. After dinner, we made two or three half portages, where the men hauled up the canoes with lines; and in the evening made one regular portage, on an island only about fifteen rods long; and about half a mile from this, made another, a quarter of a mile long, and here we encamped for the night.

Sunday, 30th.—Early this morning we were off again. Poor Christians we are! In an hour's time, arrived at the Dog Portage. Here we met with Mrs. Ermatinger, with five men, one boy and a woman. She is on her way down to Fort William to meet her husband, who is now in charge of that establishment. They left the portage as we entered it, and we made this splendid portage in two hours' time. Some say it is three miles long, and from the top of which you have a most splendid view of the surrounding country; and I think the height of this portage is more than two hundred feet above water level. At the other end there is a fine lake, called after the portage, and here we had breakfast. The lands we passed from Mountain Portage to this are worth little or nothing for agricultural

purposes; in fact they consist of high and barren rocks, covered with a few stunted pine, birch, and juniper; and if it is not rocky it is swampy. We are now about thirty-six miles from the Mountain Portage.

The Dog Lake is a fine large lake. The part of it crossed by the canoes is about twelve miles, but the greater part of it extends to the northward at a great length; and an abundance of fish is found in it. Of course its shores are rocks, and barren rocks!

We enter a narrow and serpentine river bearing the same name as the lake and portage, well timbered on both sides with large and tall cypress. The soil is of a light quick-sand, and, I think, in some places it would bear cultivation—might raise potatoes. The general appearance of the country through which the river runs, which is upward of forty miles, is a dismal, waste, howling desert;—no hard wood of any description whatever. In the evening we encamped at the first little rapid in this river.

Monday, 31st.—Early this morning we made the little portage, on which we encamped, and after a few more small portages we breakfasted. While the men were busy with their breakfast, I found a large new axe, which I made a present of to the voyagers. At these small rapids the Indians make weirs, and catch great quantities of fish, which they lay up for their winter provisions—very desirable at times; and after passing through a very narrow river, a little wider than the canoe, and having made two more little portages, came to the head waters of Lake Superior. At this place is a spring of cold water. We now come to a height of land, to a portage called the Prairie, which forms the dividing ridge between Canada and the Hudson's Bay Territories. This height of land is not, I dare say, much above sixty feet above water level, and is one of the best portages that we have as yet come to; is fine, dry, and mostly plain, and about three miles long. At the commencement of this portage there is a small pond of fine cold water, and here we dined. After dinner, made this portage, and came to a small marshy pond; crossing this, we came to another portage of about a mile in length, to another lake again, three miles long, then entered into a small creek, and came to the swampy or saven portage. This is one of the worst portages on the whole water; it

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June 1st.—The men having been wearied by the previous evening's struggle through the mud, we did not start till after breakfast, and descended the Savan River, which is about thirty miles long, and now we are in the waters which flow down to the Hudson's Bay. To-day we dined on one of the points of the lake called Thousand Island Lake; and the length of the lake passed by the canoes is about twenty-five miles, though the greater part lies on one side of the country. On leaving the lake we entered a portage which is a little over a mile in length, and this ought to be called the Thousand Island Lake Portage. The distance from the prairie, or the height of land, to this is about sixty-three miles. I would here say, that this is my sixth trip through this wild route, so that I can very well calculate the distances of these lakes, rivers, and portages.

Wednesday, 2d.—At three o'clock this morning we again started for our encampment, and passed through two small lakes, the length of both about twelve miles; came to a portage of about three quarters of a mile long, which is fine and dry. We then came into a creek little wider than the breadth of the canoe; thence entered and passed through a narrow lake of about three miles long, when we again entered a creek of about a mile in length; we then came to another narrow lake eight miles long; at the end of this lake we breakfasted. This lake is called by the Indians Win de goo oes de gouun, (the Cannibal's Head.) After breakfast, we passed through a chain of small lakes, varying from two to four miles in length; and we ran one short rapid in passing these lakes. We then came to the French portage, which is three miles long; but the water being high in the creek, we avoided the portage by going

down in this small, but long, and tediously-long creek, called the French River, and made only one small portage, &c., in the creek, and is about seven miles long. At the outlet of this creek we dined. After dinner we passed through two small lakes, and then we came to the O gahse gah ning, (the Pickerel Fishery,) so called, the pickerel being very numerous here in the spring. The length of this lake is sixteen miles; and after passing about two-thirds of its length, we encamped on an island. The appearance of the country we passed to-day is nothing worse nor better than the other parts already described, consisting of barren rocky hills, the hollows or valleys of dry sand, but bearing beautiful large white and Norway pines, which could answer finely for building, such pine as I have seen in Canada made into boards and frames of houses.

Thursday, 3d.—During the past night it was rather cold; and during this voyage we suffered a good deal from the cold weather, which generally happens when there is no appearance of rain. However, we started at three o'clock, and in an hour and a half came to a portage which is a mile long, and ends in another lake about four miles in length; and at the other end of this lake we made another portage a mile in length, when we breakfasted. I here shot four partridges, and made our breakfast of them. After breakfast, we crossed a lake about a mile long, and then went into a river of two miles in length, which brought us into a long narrow lake of about fourteen miles long, at the end of which the men ran down very heavy rapids after lightening the canoes; and within a few hundred yards from this, another portage, where the men took out part of the luggage, and then ran down the rapids. It is wonderful how well these men manage to run down heavy rapids with their frail bark canoes.

After this, our way lay in a large river with a strong current, and many small rapids, which were in our favor.

We dined at the outlet of this river. After this we passed a lake of seven miles long, and came to a portage, where the men ran their canoes down these rapids. These are the rapids where John Turner was shot by an Indian, who was hired by his wife to kill him. Turner, in the act of hauling his canoe up these rapids, was shot from a bush hard by, and fell into the water, and was then left for

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dead ; but T.'s days were not yet numbered ; he came to, and fortunately the next day a Montreal canoe passed and picked him up. The same John Turner was thirty years among the Indians : he had been taken by them, when quite a child, a captive. The people of the civilized world are acquainted with the narrative, published some ten or fifteen years ago at New-York, where he narrates the various incidents of his thirty years' captivity. The work is very interesting.

The river on which we are now going down is about ten miles long, with strong current, much to our advantage. After having gone about two-thirds of this river, we made a portage on an island called the Island Portage, about a quarter of a mile long. From the Thousand Island Lake Portage to this, is, I think, rightly calculating the distance from one place to another, about one hundred and thirty-one miles, which will be observed is rather under the proper, or what may be called the real distance. Late this afternoon came to a lake called by the Indians, She gonno go que ming (Pine Lake;) and then went on this lake for about eight miles, and then encamped for the night.

Friday, 4th June.—We again suffered from the cold during the past night, though it is now the 4th of June. At three o'clock we came off again from the encampment. After paddling about six miles through this lake, we entered the Macan River. The banks of the lake we have just passed are covered with large and tall white and Norway pines. The same kind of timber has been seen plentiful during the two previous days' voyage. This country produces furs and skins for the traders of the richest sort.

After entering the river, about two miles distance, we came to a portage a quarter of a mile in length. We then descended a wide river, and strong current favoring us. Having gone three miles further, we came to another portage, a quarter of a mile in length ; and after we had gone on six miles more, we breakfasted. After breakfast, and having gone about four miles, we came to a portage a quarter of a mile in length. We then descended this river, whose strong current carried us on with a good speed for about six miles, and then arrived at rapids about a mile long. The men ran these rapids ; and three miles further

down this river we came to another portage or rapids about a mile long. These are the rapids which are called by the Indians Nahmaguun, where the Indians catch sturgeon and white fish in great abundance during the summer season. To-day saw the first Indian that I have seen while traveling through this vast wilderness. He was a good distance off, so we did not speak with him; and seven miles down this river we entered Nahmaguun Lake. As regards the soil along this river, there is nothing but rocks, and very little timber of any kind that is valuable. The islands on the Nahmaguun possess good soil for cultivation; and some of the Indian families have raised a good quantity of potatoes, which they barter to the traders for goods. After passing fourteen miles on this lake, we arrived at the two portages. These two portages are each half a mile long, and a half a mile apart. The water being high, the men had no trouble in making these portages. They had only to hand over the canoes a few paces of ground on one of them; but the other was all under water, and passed over the ground where formerly the road was. I have never seen the water so high before; and here we dined, and the men gummed their canoes, being now to voyage on open water all the way to the company's establishment, at Lac la Pluie. I dare say, on rough guessing, it is about seventy miles from this to that establishment.

After passing down the river, we soon came to the Kettle Rapids, so called, I suppose, from the whirlpools in these rapids. Here the Indians catch white fish in great abundance, by scooping them up from the eddies and whirlpools in these rapids. This they do during the whole summer season. This evening, at a very late hour, we reached the narrows of the Lac la Pluie, called by the Indians Wahbahsgahndugaung, and here we encamped for the night.

Saturday, 5th June.—Early at three o'clock we again left our encampment, and, after paddling till eight o'clock, we breakfasted at a place called the Grind-stone Narrows. After breakfast we proceeded on our way; about one o'clock we entered the Lac la Pluie River.

The Lac la Pluie is a large lake, and runs from north-west to a south-east direction, containing many islands well wooded with white and Norway pines, and bounded

with rocky and barren shores—but white pine of no large size.

At one o'clock we entered the Lac la Pluie River, and soon arrived at the company's fort, being, as I think, one of the finest and the largest establishments the Hudson's Bay Company has in this part of the country. It is beautifully situated below a large fall of water, whose continuous din is ever heard by the people living here, and below the fort. There is a fine view a long way down the river; and about a mile from the company's present establishment is to be seen some few vestiges of an old establishment occupied in former days by the North West Company. There is not a building remains standing. The traveler is only reminded that there was once such a company in existence, and that this place was occupied by them;—but their glory, and the glory of their place, is totally departed. The river which flows before the door of the present establishment forms the boundary line which separates the possessions of John Bull from those of his Brother Jonathan.

Sunday, 6th.—There are not many people at the fort at present.—Mr. Pether, a young clerk in charge, and two women. Remaining here over Sabbath, I am sorry to say I had no congregation to preach to, but in the evening I baptized one little girl. The gentleman of the district had already gone, with all his men, in boats down to York Factory, so that the establishment looked rather solitary. A person entering the stores of this fort can see, in fifteen minutes' time, more rich furs, such as sable, silver and black foxes, &c., than he would in twenty years' time in Canada. Young Mr. Pether was very kind to me while I remained here.

Monday, 7th.—At four o'clock we commenced our voyage down this beautiful river, which is estimated to be seventy miles long. In the forenoon to-day passed three rivers flowing into this from the south; and at the junction of these rivers are spots of ground which I think would be fine situations for mission stations, the soil being rich and climate favorable; and therefore could raise wheat, barley, and potatoes; wood for building purposes at hand; and there is also scrubby white oak to be found at these places.

We met with a good many canoes of Cree men, who re-

side about the company's fort, and Indians; and not a few of them expressed sorrow that I had not come to remain, and hoped that I would some day come again. About twelve o'clock we arrived at the Manito Rapids, where we found numerous tents of Indians, who are now engaged in the sturgeon fishery—about three hundred souls in all. These Indians are tall, strong, and well built. As a community, they are good and handsome-looking. Some of them, who are good hunters, dress very well, their faces well painted with red and other colors; feathers on their heads, silver ringlets about their arms, and earrings and other trinkets. The women also are well dressed, something corresponding with the dress of their lords, excepting the feathers; but they wear about their necks brass wire, which they consider a great ornament. Taking them as a community, they look well; and, of course, as in all communities, there are some poor, who are almost in a state of nudity. About the Manito Rapids would be a grand situation for a mission station, where Mr. Mason and myself once thought of establishing; and the Indians and others opposing the project, which they said would ruin the sturgeon fishery here. And taking other things into consideration, though the place itself is as good as can be found anywhere; but being far away from any sea port, or the civilized world, whence things necessary could be had—and the expense that would be incurred in getting these things would be great—was the cause of abandoning the project.

Since I was among this people, it appears a good many have died; a few by natural death, but most by starvation in the winter. For instance, a family seven in number were found dead just as they were sitting around their fire, near Chastellain's Post, at the Lac du dois Blanc.

After distributing some tobacco among these Indians, and the men having taken as much sturgeon, fresh and dried, as they wanted, we pushed off from them, and dined near the Long Sault. After dinner we put ashore again at the Long Sault, where there were some more Indians, but not so many as at the other place. Here also I gave some tobacco. On going off, it was as much as I could do to prevent Es qua gesig, one of the principal Indians belonging to the river, from jumping into the canoe, that he might have some conversation with me, and to make me promise to

come back again and be a missionary among them. I was forcibly reminded of that passage of Scripture—"O hadst thou known, even thou, things which belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes!" I did not receive him into the canoe.

I may here remark, that the Long Sault is one of those places on which I had my eyes when I was here before to have a mission station; and this place is far better than even the Manito. This is upward of a mile in extent—good land; and further down the river, for at least two miles, are ready cleared lands, rich soil, hay, and grass for cattle. At night we encamped at the Rapid River, so called from its having a fall of considerable height as it enters the main river.

Tuesday, 8th.—Head wind all day, and therefore did not budge an inch from our encampment.

Wednesday, 9th.—At peep of day we were off, and breakfasted at the mouth of the river. As I have said before, the banks of this river are good, and capable of being cultivated; but it has this drawback, that a ridge of good land, of the breadth of a quarter of a mile, extends along the length of the river, and further back are swamps. The wind still blowing, and direct ahead, we only came to the starting-place of the Grand Traverse of the Lake of the Woods, and dined there. It is a kind of a strait, and about six miles across; and in windy weather it has generally a very rough sea, from the circumstance of its being shoal. It has been known in former days, in the time of the North West Company, when bark canoes were the only crafts in use, that people have thrown overboard their cargoes to save themselves from perishing in the water. At night we reached the Painted Stone, so called, the Indians having painted a stone here. The Lake of the Woods contains many islands that might be cultivated, but its main shores are rocks and swamps. The Indians, on a small scale, raise Indian corn, pumpkins, and potatoes. At the eastern extremity of the lake, wild rice is to be found in great abundance.

Thursday, 10th.—Fine calm day. At half-past three o'clock we reached the Rat Portage. The length of the Lake of the Woods, from the mouth of Lake la Pluie to Rat Portage, which is considered the extremity of the lake,

is more than seventy miles. The Rat Portage itself is about half a mile long, and from the other end of it we could see one of the out-posts of the company, and on arriving there, found Mr. James McKenzie in charge of the place, who gave us some potatoes, for which we thanked him; proceeded on our voyage, and encamped at Birch Point.

Friday, 11th.—Early this morning we started off, with a strong current in our favor, and soon came to, and ran down the Dalles. Here the men bought some sturgeon from the Indians. I also bought a young porcupine for my own breakfast; I gave a little tobacco for it. The flesh of this animal is excellent, and I shared it among a few of my choice friends—the Iroquois. After breakfast, the wind being strong and fair, and the current being strong, all in our favor, we hoisted sail, and soon passed through a chain of lakes, and at half-past ten o'clock arrived at the grand discharge, the commencement of a succession of short portages, the three principal of which are a quarter of a mile in length, and two or three more smaller ones: and all these lay within four miles of each other. At one o'clock P. M. we arrived at the White Dog, where I met with Mr. Kennedy, who is in charge of a newly established mission station of the Church of England; and here we took our dinner. I here had a long conversation with the Indians on religious subjects. I was especially desirous to impress their minds on the happy results of becoming Christians in earnest, bringing as a proof of my remarks the happy condition of the Indians in Canada, who are Christians, and are rapidly advancing in civilization. I told them that I had been over the great waters to England, and had seen the *Great Female Chief* eight times during my last visit. They inquired how she looked; I told them that she was very handsome; that she lived in houses or castles like mountains; was surrounded by many great men, soldiers and great guns, so that no one who intends evil to the great female Chief can come near her. I told them also that England was a wonderful and a very rich country; everything wonderful was there to be found—steamboats and carriages which go by steam, running very fast on iron roads; and the whole land is filled with people, like the multitudes of musquitoes in their own country.

On leaving them, I distributed among them some tobacco and fish-hooks, as I have done among the other Indians I met with on my journey in these territories. I had a large supply of fish-hooks, given me by a young lady at Brooklyn to give to the Indians; and may that young lady ever live before the Lord!

The soil about the mission establishment is most excellent for cultivation, the climate being the same as the Red River settlement, and within the same latitude, and capable of raising wheat, barley, oats, and Indian corn, potatoes and other vegetables. This spot of good land contains about four hundred or more acres, but the surrounding country, as well as that we passed, is nothing but barren rocks and swamps. The distance from Rat Portage to this place (White Dog) is about fifty miles.

The wind still fair; so we hoisted sail, and having passed many a long turn in the river and lake, we came to the Island Portage, and, without ever stopping, we went down these fearful rapids, and in spite of what the men could do, the canoes were carried to the middle of the rapids, and were whirled round for some minutes in the whirlpools, and every one thought our day was come; the men turned pale as death. I must say, I was not a little frightened. After we got away and over the panic, there were two Irishmen close to me, they gave thanks to the Lord for our deliverance from such imminent danger, and I secretly responded *amen* to what they said. After the men bailed out the water from the canoes which we shipped in the rapids, we hoisted sail again and sailed till dusk, and passed the Crook Lake, called by the Indians the *Grand Turn*. Having had fair wind and a strong current in our favor during the whole of the day, I dare say we have made somewhere about eighty miles.

Saturday, 12th.—Started at our usual hour, three o'clock; we soon arrived at the Chats du Jaque, three or four hundred yards long, and without delaying in making this portage, we soon came to the two portages called Portage du Bois. The first of these is a quarter of a mile long, and the other shorter, and another in sight which is only a few hundred yards long, at the lower end of which we breakfasted. About ten o'clock we arrived at the Slave Falls. The name of these originated from two Indian slaves escap-

ing from their cruel masters, went down these falls, and there perished. The portage is nearly half a mile long, after which we passed through a river with a strong current, and passed one small lake, and then came to the falls called *Barrier*, and soon passed this, and on we went with a good speed, and passed two little lakes, and dined near the Grand Rapids; and having passed two or three more little rapids, we came to the district portages, seven in number, and all lay within seven miles of each other, and none exceeding a quarter of a mile in length; and they are most dangerous to approach either by a canoe or boat. Having passed these safely, we came to the *White River*, and here we encamped for the night. We had made about sixty miles to-day.

Sunday, 13th.—We descended the *White River*, whose current is strong and swift, and passing down, came to the Lake de Bonnet, after which we made two portages close together, and arrived at the Portage de Bonnet. Here also is a spot of about two hundred acres of oak land, fine grass growing for cattle, but the surrounding land is worthless, so far as agricultural purposes are concerned. There may be a few fur-bearing animals found in it. The portage itself is more than a mile long; and a small distance below this is another portage one quarter of a mile long; and passing this, we descended the river for about four miles, and arrived at the portage called the *White Clay Portage*. This is a very fine portage, a few oak trees about it; and having made another four miles down the river, we came to the Silver Falls, with two portages of over a quarter of a mile in length, and somewhere about eight hundred yards from each other. At the lower end of the last portage we dined; and after dinner we went on, and after leaving many ripples and rapids, we arrived at the last portage in the *Winipeg River*, which is about a half a mile long; and going down in a strong current, and before coming in sight of the company's fort we came to a strong rapids called by the Indians *Manito Rapids*, and the place where they generally hold their *Manito feasts*; and I dare say, by the number of tents at a point close by, there were about one hundred Indians assembled; and evidently, by their dress, paints about their persons, and feathers about their heads, they were at the annual ceremonies of their heathen worship.

We were in sight of Fort Alexander. When the people of the fort saw us, they hoisted up a flag, as they have done at the other forts we passed, in honor of the gentleman whom they suppose to be a passenger in the canoes. We landed at the fort at four o'clock: at the rate we came, we must have made about fifty miles to-day. I was very respectfully received by Mr. James Isbester, a postmaster in charge of this establishment. Here I also met with Roderick McKenzie, Esquire, a chief factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, with his intelligent family. As the gentlemen and ladies of this fort understand the Ojibway tongue, I therefore prayed and preached in that language; and during my stay here I had prayers with people.

On Monday morning early the canoes in which I came thus far went off for Norway House. I remained here for a couple of days, in order to get a passage to the Red River settlement, to see my son, who is at the collegiate school in that settlement.

In former days Fort Alexander was a considerable establishment, especially in the great object of its founders, namely, *the getting of furs and skins*; and it had also a large farm attached to it, or vestige of a large farm. The people here may raise any quantity of wheat, barley, or any kind of grain, and vegetables. The soil on both sides of the river being very good, and the climate being also favorable, anywhere about the precincts of this place would be a fine place for a mission station, as there are Indians always about the place; and I also found the Indians more favorable toward Christianity than they were when I used to be traveling up and down among them.

During my short stay here, Mr. McKenzie kindly invited me to partake of the good things of his own table, which was loaded down with what was good.

Wednesday, 16th.—Early this morning I started off in a small canoe, which I had hired on my own private account. The distance from Fort Alexander to the upper Fort Garry is about one hundred miles, which makes in all from Lac la Pluie to the upper Fort Garry over four hundred miles.

At twelve o'clock to-day, arrived at the Iron Wood Point, which is a sort of a harbor for canoes to run into in bad

weather, and had to remain here during the whole afternoon, being wind-bound.

Thursday, 17th.—At ten o'clock this morning the wind abated, and at one o'clock we reached the Big Stone Point. Here, unexpectedly, I met my son Peter, in a small canoe, on his way to Fort Alexander to meet me. I thank the Lord for sparing the life of my son, and mine, and permitting us once more to meet each other. Our meeting was, therefore, a joyful one. My son and his crew consisted of one young Mr. McKenzie and three Indian boys; their provisions, a piece of ham, half a loaf of bread, half a pound of tea, one pound of sugar. Each had a tin cup. They had a small kettle, but no plate nor knife; and it was well for them that they had not to spend a night by themselves. They, of course, returned from here, and passed the Broken Head River; came to a point of marsh in the neighborhood of the mouth of Red River, and encamped for the night.

When we came to the mouth of the river, we had to pass through marshes about six miles long before we arrived at the real banks of the river. Ducks are very numerous here during the summer season. Geese are only seen here in the spring in large bands. About eight miles from the mouth of the river commences the Indian settlement, which was founded by the Rev. William Cochrane, one of the missionaries sent out to this country by the Church Missionary Society. The whole Indian settlement is about four miles in length, the upper part of which is settled by the Muscigoes, and the lower part by the Chipeways. The Muscigoes occupy most of the ground, and their mission and church look most beautiful. The houses are built on both sides of the river. From the mouth of the river to the upper end of the Indian settlement there are twelve miles, and from this to the Lower Fort Garry are six miles. This fort belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company. All the houses are built of stone, and they are fortified by a stone wall around them, which is about nine feet high. This would not stand well against a well-disciplined army with cannon, for they could easily throw up temporary ladders and scale the walls. The banks where this fort is situated are the highest in the settlement, so there is no fear of a flood overflowing the banks. From this fort to the White Horse Plain, which is about forty-eight miles dis-

tant, houses are to be seen all along the river, especially on the west side. Fine farms and excellent land are to be seen all the way. The farmers here do not manure their fields: they say that if they would manure them the wheat would grow up into stalks without any grain. This plainly shows the great richness of the soil. The soil of the whole country is of a dark loamy clay. On the west side of the river are prairies extending many miles back, with very few trees, and a little scrubby oak and poplar. The prairies appear to the traveler's eye as an immense ocean: there is nothing to attract the attention of the eye. I believe that the whole prairie country, for hundreds of miles, toward the Rocky Mountain, is excellent soil and rich country. In these prairies of the western world there is room for a million or more of farmers—I mean the whole prairie country on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, where thousands of buffaloes rove on the British territories, and more on the American. But there is no timber to be found in the plains; and therefore if men would settle here, they could have to build their houses of brick.

On the flats of Red River, from the Lower Fort Garry and upward, grow large elm trees: this is the only hard timber worth speaking of. The distance between the Lower Fort Garry and the Upper Fort Garry is eighteen miles. This Upper Fort Garry is situated on the banks of the Assinibonie River, which falls into the Red River, and is a much stronger fort than the other. All the houses are built of wood, except two, which are built of stone. In the summer season, the scenery here looks very beautiful.

There are four churches in the whole settlement, belonging to the Church of England, the largest of which is St. Andrews, at the Grand Rapids. This is a beautiful building of stone. Another church is about to be built by the Church Missionary Society on the Assinibonie River; and preparations are made by the Presbyterian community for erecting a church at the Frog Plain, which is about five miles below the Upper Fort Garry. Mr. Black, the Presbyterian clergyman, is an excellent man. It is not quite a year since he came to the settlement from Canada. There are five clergymen of the Church of England, and a bishop named David Anderson, who is a very good and kind man.

He is doing all he can for the Indians. There is also a Roman Catholic bishop, and three or four priests.

When I came to the settlement, I found that there had been a flood there this spring. Nearly every day during the flood, houses, barns, &c., were seen floating down the river from the upper part of the settlement. The sight was really awful. The settlers were obliged to leave their houses and property, and tent out on the hills and mountains around them. Very much property was lost on the whole; but only one life was lost, and this was the servant of the bishop. It will be long before the inhabitants of the settlement are in the same condition as formerly. Timber is now very scarce, and it must be brought down from the Pembina, which is sixty miles from the settlement, before any houses are built. It is a great pity that the inhabitants of this place make not their houses of brick instead of wood; for they would stand much longer, and they would be nearly as cheap as wood houses. Many of the inhabitants, however, on the lower part of the settlement are now building stone houses. There are seventeen wind-mills and two water-mills. There are seven or eight schools in the settlement. The gentlemen and ladies that come to church come in high style—that is, with their horses, and carriages, and buggies of the London make; and many of them come on horseback. Most of these gentlemen are those who retired from the service of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, formerly called chief factors and chief traders. The company have two large stores in the settlement, one at the upper and one at the lower fort, where they have warehouses filled with all sorts of merchandise and liquors of different sorts. The wines are of the superior kind. The gentlemen of the company have everything pretty much their own way.

Formerly, wild buffalo used to be found in the woods, at the mouth of Red River, and on the prairies along the river, but none are now to be found within twenty days' journey of the south-west side of the settlement, as they have been driven away and killed; but moose and reindeer are still to be found in the woods at the mouth of Red River. They are also pretty numerous in Lac la Pluie district.

Monday, 28th June.—Left the Grand Rapids, where

my son and I boarded in a private house. Mr. and Mrs. M., our hosts, were very kind to us while we staid with them.

Went then to Stone Fort for my voyaging provisions. I was not a little disappointed when I could not get a pound of butter. I was grieved at the conduct of one Mr. Lane, a clerk. Before he came into the shop, I had got some biscuit and a ham; and evidently, by his behavior, I would not have got these had he been by when they were put down. I cannot believe that times in Red River are so hard as that a passer by cannot purchase a pound of butter for his voyage. I am sure had J. Black, Esquire, been here he would have given everything necessary. He assured me on last Saturday that I would get anything I required at the Stone Fort for my journey. When Mr. Ross, a retired chief factor, heard that I had been refused a pound of butter, he cheerfully, with his usual kindness, gave me two or three pounds from his own stock, gratis. I owe this gentleman many thanks for kindness shown me and my family by him, when I was at Rossville, at the commencement of that mission. May he ever live before the Lord!

At one o'clock we went down, and had the pleasure of dining with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cockran at the Indian Mission station. After dinner I parted with my son, who is engaged with the Bishop of Rupert's Land to teach one of his principal schools during the coming year. Having hired two men and a canoe, I made a start, and only went to the mouth of the Red River.

Tuesday, 29th.—At day-break, some unknown, evil-minded Indian fired a gun through my tent with shot. The report of the gun made me jump up from my bed; and I asked my bowsman if he had killed a duck or a goose, supposing that he must have fired at something of the kind; but he asked if I had killed anything by firing, he thinking I was the person who had fired the gun so near the tent, as he was, like myself, asleep, but was only awakened by the report of the gun. But, on examination, I found that five grains of shot had passed through my tent. I suppose that the unknown enemy fired at the tent to frighten us away from our encampment, so that in the hurry of our departing we might leave something for him

to pick up. I could not imagine that he intended to kill any of us, as he did not know who we were, not having seen any one during the previous evening.

Wednesday, 30th.—All day, the wind being contrary, we did not budge.

Thursday, 1st of July.—Fine and calm weather; made and passed the Grassy Narrows, and encamped near the Grind Stone Point, and must have made over fifty miles to-day. A great deal of the coast we passed to-day has good soil, which might be cultivated, but no timber which may be used for building.

Friday, 2d.—We sailed to the Grind Stone Point; here stopped an hour. The point takes its name from the quality of stone found about it. For miles along this coast are quarries of excellent grind and limestone, which may answer for buildings; and I wonder that the inhabitants of Red River do not make use of it for their stone buildings, as it is open water all the way, and may be boated to any part of the settlement. Having staid here an hour, we sailed across the grand traverse of Lake Winnipeg, and landed on the north-eastern coast. The coast extending from Fort Alexander to the end of the lake is a mere desert. The points are of bare granite rock; and now and then you see a bay with a sandy beach; and its stunted timber, and the general appearance of the country, tell the summer traveler that the winters in these regions of country must be awfully severe. The lake itself has an abundance of fish, of excellent quality,—white fish and sturgeon. The white fish are the staple food of the inhabitants of these out-of-the-way regions. The sturgeon of this lake are superior to any which may be found in any part of the world. There are fur-bearing animals to be found in its wild woods, both of a common and rich sort. This evening we encamped at the Dog's Head.

Saturday 3d.—Reached the Rabbit Point in the forenoon, and were detained during the rest of the day by contrary wind and rain.

Sunday, 4th.—Being calm and fine, we went on, and arrived at Berere's River at ten o'clock, where I was kindly received by Mr. Cummings, a postmaster in charge. At four o'clock we met together for religious worship: when I was about giving out my text to preach, I asked Mr.

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Cummings in what language they wished the sermon to be delivered; he said, "In Indian." The people paid very good attention to my discourse; and there was a goodly number of pagan Indians present, and I sometimes aimed at their superstitious notions. They also paid good attention.

My men preferring sleeping out, we went out of the bay and slept on a rocky island. On leaving the house of Mr. Cummings, he, like a good Christian, gave us a good large sturgeon and some butter. May the good man never want butter in his days!

Monday, 5th.—We are now about one hundred and fifty miles from the Red River, and we are yet to make one hundred and thirty to reach Rossville, and the lake itself is considered something over two hundred miles. This evening we encamped at the Poplar Point. A long day's voyage to-day.

Tuesday, 6th.—Head wind all day, and did not stir from our encampment. O it is sickening to be so often wind-bound.

Wednesday, 7th.—Calm this morning; and in the afternoon fair wind getting up, we soon hoisted sail and reached the Spider Islands, but too late to proceed on to the outlet of the Winnipeg, though it was within view.

Thursday, 8th.—The wind was still fair but rather too strong for our frail bark: we however ventured, and sailed over a very rough sea. Our canoe now and then shipped some water, and one of us was constantly employed in bailing it out as fast as it came in. It required no small degree of courage to sail in such a craft as ours. No gentleman would risk any valuable property in these small canoes of birch bark, much less his life. On this voyage I had the management of the sail, being accustomed to voyage in the small canoes, knowing when to furl and unfurl the sail, and knowing too what a small canoe can bear. We at last entered a harbor, went ashore and got our breakfast. The men were now praising the canoe, how bravely it navigated the boisterous Winnipeg. But, lifting up my hand to heaven, saying, "There is our guide and preserver!" the two men, being Christians, understood my meaning, but said nothing. Coming through the lake, I killed many ducks, and two geese. One was very fat; and while we were at breakfast there were many pelicans flying about us, and

some were feeding in the bays ; but having no caps for my gun, they escaped unmolested. Being now calm, we proceeded through the Play Green Lake, and entered a river which brought us to Rossville. The appearance of the country is most dismal. Though the summer has already set in, still the country is not divested of the effects of the intense cold winter, which generally continues eight or nine months in this miserable region. Barren rocks, here and there a small cluster of trees, willows, and a few stunted pine or fir, dwarfed by the cold, which ever prevails here, and nothing to relieve the eye from the cheerless view before it.

None but the worldling, whose object is the accumulation of wealth, could be a willing inhabitant of this inhospitable region ; or he whose object is more exalted and more noble than the former, namely, the salvation of the aboriginal inhabitants of this waste, howling desert, by the preaching of the gospel to them.

At five o'clock arrived at Norway House. This is one of the principal establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company, in these parts, being central, and an inland depot where all the brigades of the northern department (except McKenzie's River) meet on their way down to York Factory.

G. Barnston, Esquire, a chief factor, is in charge, who kindly received me on my arrival, and invited me to tea, which I readily accepted, and after which proceeded down to the Rossville Mission Station, which is about one and a half miles below, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Mason and family, all well. I, just coming from Europe, and through Canada, they, of course, expected every information relative to the civilized and Christian world ; and, as a matter of course, I cheerfully gave them such information as I possessed concerning men, with matters and things.

Friday, 9th.—After breakfast and prayer, Mr. Mason and I went out to take a view of the mission buildings and premises, and also the Indian houses. The appearance of the whole mission is very pleasing.

The church is thirty by sixty feet long, with a steeple and bell. It has lately been weather-boarded, and painted both in and outside, as well as the pews and free seats. It has a beautiful appearance from a distance ; and taking it all

in all, I think it would not disgrace any country town in Canada. Leaving the church, we went into the large school-house, well filled with day scholars: heard some of the leading classes say their lessons, who said them very well; and they sing well. I am informed by the schoolmaster, that when they all attend, he has seventy-four boys and girls. There were about fifty present, the others being away with their parents in quest of food in these hard times.

The next mission building we visited was what Mr. Mason calls the Printing Office. This is a good house for the mission family to live in, being well built, weather-boarded, and painted, with a shingle roof, and inside is lined and painted also, and in every respect well adapted for a good winter house in these regions of ice and snow. The size of this house is twenty feet wide by thirty-six feet long. One of the rooms is occupied by the schoolmaster; one part is used for the printing business; and I must say that the Rev. Mr. Mason and his colleague, Mr. Steinhauer, in this department, deserve commendation for their efforts to promote the knowledge of Christianity among the benighted, ignorant heathen of this country, through the medium of the books they have printed. They have printed the Wesleyan Catechism No. 1, an edition of hymns, part of the Sunday service of the Methodists, also the Wesleyan Discipline, and the Gospel of St. John. The demand for these books is so great that they are not able to comply with the demands as fast as they could wish, their printing operations not being carried on so rapidly as those of the civilized world, for want of a better press, and other materials requisite in order to carry on the business successfully; though hundreds of their printing have been issued, and these works have gone into those parts of the country where the missionary can never have access.

Respecting the mission house: that, after eleven years' standing, now requires a few repairs; the roofing being made of bark, which requires almost annual repairs, which not a little increases the expenses of these missions; and were all the mission buildings weather-boarded and roofed, then renewing of the bark roofs and mudding the walls would in some degree lessen the expense incurred. After having viewed the mission premises, we went to see the Indian houses, which I superintended in building eleven

years ago. Some of them are still standing, and inhabited by the same people. They appear to be in tolerably good order yet; but others have been pulled down, and better houses built in their stead. I found also that another street has been made since, and, of course, the houses in this street are lately and better finished.

The mission potato fields, as well as those belonging to the Indians, are looking well, and, no doubt, will reap a good crop; but no grain of any kind can grow to any maturity here, the climate being too rigorous.

After passing and repassing the village, we went into the house wherein I lived when I was at this station, which may now be called the schoolmaster's house (should he have a family.) It is natural and inviting to me, and is in a very good condition yet, notwithstanding eleven years' standing.

Sunday, 11th.—At seven o'clock this morning Mr. Mason began reading the Sunday service of the Methodists, and a few of the Indians responded. After the lessons, collects, and prayers, he then read a sermon translated into the Indian, written in the syllabic characters. He performed the whole of the service well, and read his sermon well; but I am not a competent judge of this mixed language of Ojibway, Cree, and Swampy. The Cree and Swampy are nearer kin to each other than either to the noble and majestic Ojibway; and that is the language I profess to understand.

We went over to the company's fort, where Mr. Mason read the English service, and after which I preached in English to a respectable congregation, who paid marked attention to my discourse. I trust some good has been done to the edification of some of my hearers. The service being over, Mr. Barnston kindly invited us to dine with him. I find this gentleman is of high and polished education; and the best of all is, that he loves and fears God.

At three o'clock this afternoon we held another service in the mission church, which was quite full, as many of the fort people came down to join our afternoon worship. Mr. Mason read the hymns in the Cree. I prayed, and had a tolerable good time in preaching to my native brethren. Once or twice I reminded the congregation of the many precious seasons we had together in the house of God eleven years ago, and some of the old members caught the

spirit of this ; and I have reason to thank God that they were encouraged to go on their way rejoicing, and that they were edified. The men and women of this congregation were respectably clad, and sung well. The church, at both morning and afternoon service, was well attended ; and I am informed by Mr. Mason, that when the men belonging to this village, and passing brigades stopping for the Sabbath, the church at such times is crowded to overflowing, as it occurred again on the following Sunday.

At seven o'clock, we had a prayer meeting in the church, and many of those who prayed, referred to the good things they had heard during this Sabbath day. This is the process of Sunday labor which Mr. Mason has to go through every Sabbath day when there is no one to assist him. On reviewing the labors of this Sabbath, the appearance of the church and the congregation of this mission alone, the zeal they manifested in the house of God their Saviour, O how I wished that some of the supporters of the cause of missions were eye witnesses ! I verily think they would say that they have not thrown away their money in vain, and would be impelled more than ever to do more for the interest of the missions in those territories. On inquiry, I learned, the number of members in society is one hundred and twenty, and ten on trial for membership. The whole number of people attached to this station is about three hundred.

Wednesday, 14th.—Having remained here to this day, and thinking that it was time for me to proceed on my journey, I bought a small canoe and provisions, and hired two men for my voyage down to Oxford Mission station, and to York Factory. This evening I again preached to the congregation assembled for religious worship.

During my stay at this station, Mr. Mason and I had some consultation on the subject of the Saskatchewan Mission. Read some letters received from the Indians in that quarter, who pressing called for a missionary and teacher. We concluded, the least that can be done for the present was to occupy that station for two years longer, thinking that in the mean time something will be done for that and the other mission stations belonging to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the Hudson's Bay Territories.

Benjamin Sinclair, a local preacher, with his family, agreed

to go and occupy that station for the said term of two years, strictly instructing him not to incur any unnecessary expense. He has been there already; and inquiring of him as to the number of Indians who were desirous of being instructed in Christianity, he said, "Too many for me to tell you." I said, "That is well said; we will leave it there." This station is situated in a rich country of wild animals, such as buffalo, moose, deer, bears. Ducks, and geese, and fish in abundance. In fact everything concerning that station is favorable. The soil and climate are such as will raise any kind of grain which any one may wish to raise.

Thursday, 15th.—After breakfast, loaded our canoe. The men and women of the village came and bade me farewell at my departure. Mr. Mason and men accompanied me a considerable distance down the lake, and we dined together; and, after we had a word of prayer, we parted. He went back to his station, and I proceeded on to Jackson's Bay Mission Station. Having passed through rivers, lakes, and nine portages, we met with about thirty freighting boats from York Factory; among them were the boats of my old acquaintance, William Sinclair, Esquire.

The Sabbath came as we entered the Oxford Lake, and we laid by for the day. At twelve o'clock we had prayers. As there were only three of us, we dispensed with the routine of a regular service. The country we passed during the three days' voyage is the same, only a little worse in appearance—rocks and swamps—but they said it was the country for furs and skins, to enrich the coffers of the fur trade.

Monday, 19th.—At eight o'clock arrived at the Jackson's Bay Mission Station, where I was welcomely received by Mr. Steinhauer, in charge of the station, who, with the people of his charge, were anxiously waiting for my arrival, but were quite disappointed when I informed them that I had not come to stay.

I found the mission premises, which have been hurriedly put up, in such a state as would require not less than £50 to put them in a habitable and comfortable order. The evening after I arrived I baptized an infant, which was supposed to be dying, but since then it has been doing well.

There are but a few Indians at the station at present.

The men are employed in boating for the company, and their families are at the fort, where they are fed. Of course they will always be there on these conditions. One Indian house has been put up, and some more have cut and squared their timber ready for building their houses. When more houses are built, they will give the mission station quite an improved appearance.

I find my friend Mr. Steinhauer is laboring among this people under some disadvantages, though I have not the least doubt that he is doing all in his power to promote the good cause here, and that there is some fruit of his labor. He is teaching the school; preaches to the people in their own language, (he is an Ojibway by birth,) and also preaches at the company's fort in English, for the benefit of the people in that establishment; and he is also engaged in the work of translating the Scriptures into the Cree. I say, therefore, that he is fully qualified, as far as these things go; nor can I doubt of other and higher qualifications, indispensably necessary for being fully enrolled in the order of the ministry. The people of his charge see the necessity of having among them an ordained missionary, who may have authority to marry, and baptize them and their children. To further Mr. Steinhauer's usefulness, he ought to be fully set apart for the good work, and be ordained, which would enhance the prosperity of this mission station so long as he may be here. I hope, therefore, the day is not far distant when he will be fully set apart for the work of the ministry.

Sunday, 25th.—Another Sabbath day has come, and we cheerfully commenced our work. At eight o'clock there was a Sunday school. Though the number of scholars was but few, yet it was pleasing to see how well they said their lessons, and repeated the greater part of the Wesleyan Catechism, No. 1; and they sang well. At eleven o'clock we assembled together. Mr. Steinhauer read the Sunday service of the Methodists and the lesson for the day, and I preached with considerable freedom. The small congregation was deeply attentive; and I trust that some good has been effected, which will appear hereafter. At three o'clock Mr. Steinhauer preached; and in the evening we had a prayer meeting, when some of the Indians prayed.

The little potato fields of this mission station are looking

very well. The Oxford, or Holy Lake, as it is called in the map, is a fine large lake of clear water. Fine trout are to be found in its waters, and the finest white fish in the country. It is interspersed with numerous islands, well wooded with good timber. Its main shores are high and rocky, and in some of its deep bays is pretty good soil to be found, but the climate is too severe for raising any kind of grain; but potatoes may be matured at some seasons. These parts, being what they call the lower country, are rocky, but mostly swampy. However, about this lake there is a good deal of timber—the white or silver pine, which is sawn into boards, &c., for building.

Friday morning, 30th July.—At four o'clock, I left the Jackson's Bay Mission station, where I remained nearly two weeks, and have had ocular demonstration of what is going on at this mission station. The distance from the station to the company's establishment is full twenty miles, which is one of the disadvantages attendant upon the station—too far from the fort. At about twelve o'clock arrived at Oxford House, where I was received by Mr. Robertson, a postmaster in charge of this place. The Sabbath being too close at hand, we determined to remain till Monday. There were a good number of Indians; and some having expressed a desire to have their children baptized; so when Sunday came there was a good congregation, when Mr. Mason preached in the morning, and baptized four children of a once most noted conjurer; and in the afternoon we had another service, when the conjurer, his wife, and eldest son came and offered themselves for the rite of baptism to be administered to them, and ten children besides; so that something has been done to-day, and may God add his blessing! • Amen.

Monday morning, 2d August.—We started from York Factory. The greater part of the day we were going down in a circuitous river. Ran many rapids or ripples of water, and only once lifted the canoes over a portage of about sixty yards long, called the Trout Fall; and soon after this entered Rice Lake, which is between forty and fifty miles, and passing the lake again, entered many portages and running places, and came to the Swampy Lake, about twelve miles long; at the end of which is the beginning of rapids and portages to the Hill, from which the river takes its

name; and passing the Hill we came to the part of the river called the Still Water, which continues for a considerable distance, till within a short distance of the Rock—the last of the rapids are falls and portages, in the Hill River, whence commences a continuous rapid, going at the rate of eight or ten miles per hour.

From the Rock to York Factory is one hundred miles, making in all, from Norway House to the factory, four hundred and fifty miles. Meeting with no remarkable incident on the voyage down the Hill River, and going down lightly in a small canoe, we of course went expeditiously; and soon passing the Hill River came to the junction with the Foxes' River. Here the river becomes wider and deeper, and the current is somewhat smoother, but equally strong as the Hill River. After a few hours' passage down the Foxes' River, we came to where it joins with a large river, which they call Street River. Here the river is still wider, at some places a quarter or half a mile wide. It looks fine to a stranger. Its high clay bank, white as snow from a distance, the stranger would think that the land on the top of the banks was good; but no: it is one continuous swamp as far as the eye can reach—all barren, only here and there a small cluster of stunted pine, and a few withered juniper; and withal, this is the country of mosquitoes. The only pleasure which a traveler experiences along these rivers, through the swampy country, is to preserve himself as best he can from being eaten up by these flies. In former days this was the country of the reindeer; but they are very scarce now-a-days, so also are fur-bearing animals.

The Steel River brought us to the end of our journey in this miserable country, and whence I am to return. The country from Oxford House is much the same as other parts already described, but, perhaps, much worse for its dismal and desert-like appearance—swamps, lakes, creeks, and rivers; in fact there is more water than dry land; hence the multitude of mosquitoes, which increase the miseries of traveling in this country.

On our sixth day from Oxford House we arrived at the general depot, York Factory. Here are extensive warehouses, wherein English goods are stored, imported from England, and are intended for the whole of the northern

department of the Hudson's Bay Territories ; not that there is a factory at York where goods are manufactured, as people would naturally think by the word factory. At the time the ship arrives from England, the place is quite lively, like some seaports in the civilized world.

At York Factory there are numerous small white whales, which come up the river to the wharfs of the establishments, and the people kill them to feed their dogs upon. Seals also are found here. The polar bears are also very plentiful, and walrus along the coast from either of the factories. In the seasons of spring and autumn, it is said, geese and ducks are very numerous ; and the company send out hunters in those seasons, who kill them by hundreds, and then salt them, which they serve out as rations to their people. I have not seen any of the Esquimaux here, but they are at Church Hill, where they trade. This is an out-port of York Factory, in the northern direction from the factory. The Esquimaux are of a white complexion, and in their mode of living they are exceedingly filthy. None of this people trade at the factory.

On the arrival of Mr. Mason and myself at York Factory, we were kindly received by W. McTavish, Esquire, the governor of the fort. We stayed there a fortnight, and baptized over thirty persons, which number, added to those baptized at Oxford Mission, make over sixty. Let the friends of missions rejoice ! Even in the Hudson's Bay Territories, where the cause has to contend with opposing influences existing, perhaps, nowhere else, it is progressing. How attentive to the spoken word are the Indians of these territories ! In the congregations there is no coughing, no going out and in, no sneezing with a whoop, that in the woods would make an Indian dodge behind a tree, and look to his gun ; but every one is as quiet and still as they would wish those to be to whom they themselves were speaking. Were gold as plenty as lead, a guinea would be of the same worth as a bullet, did it weigh as much. The people of Canada do not, nor the people of England, value the preached word as they should. Did they, as the Indians of Hudson's Bay, hear a preacher perhaps only once a year. they would be quiet and still enough during service.

After anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's annual ship the *Prince Rupert*, it arrived

on the 15th of August, on Sabbath, after morning service. We expected the Rev. John Ryerson, and were much disappointed at not meeting him. I received a letter from him per ship, in which he gave his reasons for not coming. I felt sorry that circumstances assumed such a form as to prevent him from following up the society's plans.



RETURNING.

The following, the remainder of the Journal of my Journey from the Hudson's Bay Territories, is written from memory, as the original papers were lost in Lake Winnipeg.

ON Monday, the 16th, the Hudson's Bay Company's express canoe left for Canada. I applied for a passage, but was refused, consequently had to get a private conveyance. I was, however, offered a passage to England in the *Prince Rupert*.

I had made arrangements with Mr. Mason, who had given his canoe and men to convey Mr. Ryerson, at our own charge, to Norway House and Red River; but these arrangements had to be set aside; and procuring provisions, &c., with all haste, in my own single canoe, and with two men, I turned my face homeward. Even at the far end of a long journey, there is a pleasure in going home.

On the 16th, with the evening tide, which rises here ten or twelve feet, we left York Factory. The tide bore us along over twelve miles. That night we slept on the beach. The night was cold, and accustomed for some time past to warm bed-rooms, I did not sleep much.

I will describe our mode of traveling up York River. The men alternately towed the canoe by a thirty-fathom cod-line. The tow-path is not a planked one—rocks, stones, sand, and sometimes water breast-high. Thus for about a hundred miles, and with a strong current pulling the canoe the other way, we traveled up York River. I walked nearly all the way and tired enough I was when we got to the "Rock," which crosses the river like a mill-dam.

At Fox River we came upon a flock of young wild geese. The geese could fly but a little, and we had a "wild goose chase." Every man to his goose, in water and out of water,

through brush, over brier, heads up, heels up, every man to his goose! The banks of the river at this place are forty or fifty feet high; and in going down the river at this same place, in company with Mr. Mason, we killed twenty geese. He was too stout to roll about the banks and bushes in chase, but, perhaps, did as much service to the common good with the canoe in the river, by picking up the dead as they rolled down the steep bank. The proceeds of this chase were six geese in excellent condition.

The chase being ended, we were ready for lunch, so we set about it. A friend at the fort had given me three bottles of ginger beer; and as I felt somewhat thirsty from the excitement of the chase, my cook, John, set about drawing the cork of one of the bottles. He appeared to do it awkwardly, and as I was dubious of an explosion, I stopped him, saying, "Take care, John; give it to me! Take care!!" Pulling a cork!—that was nothing; John could do that, perhaps had done it too often; but John and my bowsman, an elderly man, now were good members of the Norway House Mission, and showed themselves during the time they were with me to be consistent Christians. What made the drawing of this cork dangerous, John wished to know? His curiosity was excited; and as I proceeded he stood, with open eyes and mouth, looking over my shoulder. For, as much as I laughed during the goose-chase, when I observed John, I felt inclined to laugh a little more. The confined beer-spirit in the bottle began to hiss—a thought crossed me, when away went the cork with a pistol report, missing John's face by about one inch; but the beer, it went right in. Poor John was as frightened as the geese were a few minutes before; blinded and roaring, he attempted, with wide-spread fingers, to stop the current; and, not much accustomed to handling the bottle, either of beer or else, by the time I got my hand on its mouth, the contents were gone. John would not venture to the canoe, where the remaining bottles were, until he saw them carefully covered; and ever after avoided their corks presented, as he would the muzzle of a loaded rifle.

As I have said before, the face of the country hereabouts is hilly, covered with marsh, and here and there with low evergreens. This is the dominion of the reindeer.

Here begins an extensive beaver settlement. It contin-

ues up this river for about sixty miles. When traveling with a row-boat, the noise frightens the beaver, and they dive under water; but as we had a light canoe, we saw them, at evening and at day-break, going to and returning from their work on shore. They sleep during day, and chop or gnaw during night. They cut from wands up to poles four inches through, and from one to two fathoms long. A large beaver will carry a stick I would not like to shoulder for two or three hundred yards to the water, and then float it off to where he wants to take it. The kinds of tree used are willow and poplars; the long leaf and the round leaf, preferring the latter. The Canada beavers, where the poplar is larger, lumber on a larger scale. They cut trees over a foot through; but, in that case, only the limbs are used. About two cords of wood serve Mr. Beaver and his family for the winter; but it is closer piled than the wood I have seen sold to some of our citizens at five dollars a cord. A beaver's house is large enough to allow two men a comfortable sleeping room, and is very clean. It is built of sticks, stones, and mud, and is well plastered outside and in. The trowel the beaver uses in plastering is his tail. At the table it is considered a great delicacy. Their beds are made of chips, split as fine as the brush of a wooden broom, and are put in one corner and kept clean and dry. After the bark is stripped—the only part the beaver uses as food—the stick is carried off a distance from the house. Many of our good housewives might be nothing the worse of reading a little about the beaver.

The beaver, in large rivers and lakes, make no dams: they have water enough without; but in small creeks they dam up, and make a better stop-water than is done by many of our millers. The place where they build their dams is the most labor-saving spot in the valley, and where the work will stand best. The dam finished, not a drop of water escapes. This country abounds with beaver, and an Indian will kill upward of three hundred in a season. The skin of the beaver is not worth now as much as it used to be, but their flesh is one of the main articles of food. We shot three in this settlement; and, as every voyager knows, their flesh is good to eat, with the geese and the beaver we fared well.

A few evenings after we left the "Rock," while the men

were on before me "tracking," that is, towing the canoes, as before described, I observed behind a rock in the river that which I took to be a black fox. I stole upon it as quietly as possible, hoping to get a shot; but the animal saw me, and, wading to the shore, he turned out to be a bear, who had been a fishing. The bear is a great fisherman. His mode of fishing is rather curious. He wades into a current, and seating himself on his hams upright, the water coming up to about his shoulders, he patiently waits until the little fishes come along, and mistaking his black, shaggy sides for a stone, rub themselves against him. He immediately seizes them, gives them a nip, and with his left paw tosses them over his left shoulder on to the shore. His left paw is the one always used for the tossing ashore part of his fishing. It is feeling he uses, not sight. The Indians say, he catches sturgeon when spawning in shoal water—sometimes so shoal that their tails stick out; but the only fish I know of his being in the habit of catching are suckers. These, in April and May, their spawning seasons, the bear makes his daily food, breakfasting about eight A. M., and making dinner and supper of one meal, about four P. M. About thirty or forty suckers serve him. In the spawning months, he can catch that number in a few minutes. As soon as he has caught a sufficient number, he retires to the beach and regales himself on the most delicate part of the fish, that part immediately behind the gills, throwing the rest away. The Indians frequently shoot him when engaged in fishing.

We now "made" as many portages as possible; that is, got over them with all speed. The portages on this route are from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and over. Crossing a portage is a serious affair. Some of my readers may not know what a portage is. A portage is the land that divides lakes from lakes, and rivers from rivers, or the neck of a peninsula, formed by the bend of a river; or the sweep of a lake, and the circuits voyagers have to make to avoid waterfalls and rapids. To save time, canoe and everything else are carried on our shoulders across these. A man is not required to carry more than ninety pounds doubled. Ninety pounds weight is called a "piece." Over every portage I carried my two "pieces;" and some notion of the toil may be had, when I say, that the portages are crossed

generally barefooted, and the paths are none of the smoothest. We are forced to go barefooted, because our feet are so frequently wet, that, did we wear boots, we would soon get so galled that we probably would get so bad as to be unable to proceed. The clam-shells on the beach wound the feet more than anything else does. At Knee Lake the portages are nearly all over; and it gave us great pleasure to see its blue waters stretching out before us. In this lake we met thirty or forty of the Red River boats, going their last trip this season, for their fall goods, brought out by the *Prince Rupert*. We spoke those we passed in daylight; but, as we pulled night and day, we passed many at night. There is pleasure in meeting with fellow creatures in the wilderness, even to those who have passed much of their lives there alone.

At Oxford House, Mr. Robinson, the gentleman in charge, received us kindly, and offered me anything I wanted; but, as I was well supplied already, I thanked him, and accepted nothing.

We feared head winds more than anything else; and when weather served, or the sky wore a threatening appearance, we pulled all night: always next day we felt wearied and stupid. Thus we got to the head of Oxford Lake. We did not call at Jackson's Bay Mission, for the sake of time;—it was late in the season, and we were going home. We pulled hard during the remainder of the week, that we might reach Norway House Mission to spend the Sabbath there. Saturday night came, and we expected to have got to the mission for morning service, but we could not. We then attempted to get there in time for evening service, but the winds would not let us cross the lake; and although for the greater part of the day we were within sight of the mission, we could not get there until ten o'clock P. M. Mrs. Mason was in bed, and not wishing to disturb her, I went up to my own old habitation, standing empty, and, kindling a fire, lay down until morning. In the midst of friends, I slept alone. I felt depressed. There was a sadness—a feeling of coming evil upon me, and to pass the night alone in my old house, where everything spoke of those now far, far from me, was my choice, for it accorded with my own feelings.

At daylight, the class-leaders came to welcome me; and

while breakfast was getting ready we had a good prayer-meeting. Mrs. Mason paid us every attention.

The whole of Monday, the 30th of August, was spent in preparing for our voyage up Lake Winnipeg—gumming canoe, washing linen, &c.

On Tuesday, ten o'clock A. M., the people assembled at our canoe, and we had a prayer-meeting. Then, parting with Mrs. Mason and friends, we proceeded to Norway House, which is in sight of the mission, and dined with the gentleman in charge. He was very kind to us, and gave me some things for the voyage. The afternoon was calm and beautiful; and as we had had a good rest and were apprehensive of head winds, we pulled all that night. At sunrise next morning we attempted to land and breakfast, but the water was so shoal we could not, without having to wade a distance. The beach was of bright sand, and the sun was about two hours up, when I saw an object moving on shore. It appeared to be a man; and as we neared it, it appeared to make gestures to us. We were wearied and hungry, but, nevertheless, thinking the stranger was in danger or suffering, we pulled on toward him. Judge of our surprise when we found him to be an enormous bear. He was seated on his hams, and what we thought his gestures were his motions in raising himself on his hind legs to pull berries from a high bush, and, with both his paws filled, sitting down again. Thus he continued daintily enjoying his fresh fruit, in the position some of our ladies' lap-dogs are taught to assume when asking a morsel from their mistress. On we pulled, and forgot our hunger and weariness. The bear still continued breakfasting. We got as close in shore as the shoal water would permit, and John taking my gun, a double-barrel, leaped into the water and gained the beach. Some dead brush-wood lay between John and the bear, hiding the bear from his sight. From our position off shore we could see both John and the bear. He now discovered us, and advanced toward us; and John not seeing him for the dead brush, ran along the beach toward him. The weariness from pulling all night, and being so long without breakfast, and the reaction produced by seeing the bear, probably destroyed my presence of mind, for I remembered now that the gun was loaded with heavy duck-shot only, and you might as well meet a bear with peas. John

was in danger, and we strained at our paddles ; but as the bear was a very large one, and we had no other fire-arms than the gun John had, we would have been but poor help to John in the hug of a wounded bear. The bear was at the other side of the dry brush on the beach. John heard the dry branches cracking before the brute, and dodged into a hollow, under a thick bush. The bear passed the dry brush, and was coursing along the sand ; but as he passed by where John lay, bang went the gun. The bear was struck. We saw him leap through the smoke on to the very spot where we saw John last. We held our breath ; but, instead of the cry of agony we expected, bang went the gun again ! John is not yet caught ! Our canoe rushed through the water. We might yet be in time. But my paddle fell from my hand as I saw John pop head and shoulders above a bush, and with a shout point to the side of the log he stood upon. "There he lies—dead enough !" We were indeed thankful to the Preserver. The man who was somewhat scared at a corked bottle of ginger-beer could meet alone, with duck-shot only, a large, old bear, and kill him too.

Here I learned for the first time how to preserve meat without salt for a month, and have it then good and fresh as when killed. The men having to return to Norway House, their home, dug a hole in the swamp, about two and a half feet deep, put in the bottom a few dry boughs, then, putting in the bear's skin and about half the meat, covered all up. When they returned, they would take it home with them. We took about half the bear along with us, all the canoe would carry.

We were now in Lake Winnipeg. None of us will ever forget it. Again and again were we wind-bound at its many points, and several times were we nearly swamped. My department of the labor was bailing ; this I performed with a small kettle. No accident had ever occurred to me on the water ; and apprehensive of delay permitting the frost from the north to overtake us, we were, perhaps, too venturesome.

During the 6th and 7th of September we were wind-bound. On the 8th, the wind abated, and we again put out to the lake. The waves were high ; but as the wind had gone down, we thought they also would fall. It was

morning: we had not as yet taken breakfast, and were about an hour and a half from our encampment, doubling a point, when a wave struck us and half filled the canoe. We ran into the bay, bailed out, and again turned to the lake. A point lay about a mile and a half ahead. Round this point and the wind would be almost fair. On we pulled, wet and cold. How uncertain is the future! We were nearly two miles from shore when a wave struck us, and over we went. When I rose to the surface, I found the canoe bottom up, and John astride on its stern. I struck for the stern, and grasping it in my arms hung on. The old man, my bowsman, hung on somewhere about the midships. He had the worst hold of us three, and from his being more frequently under the waves than John or I, he would be the first to give out. I said to John, "We die now." "Yes," John replied, "we certainly die now." I advised the men not to attempt swimming to shore, as the water was so cold they would get faint and drown, but to hold on to the canoe, and we would drift ashore some time. They promised to do so.

I now saw that the bowsman was getting exhausted: his efforts to resist and rise with the heave of the wave appeared to be more and more feeble. I asked him if he were prepared to meet his God? He said: "I have prayed to him long, long ago." He was ready to die. Both the men were good Christians, members of the Norway House Mission. The old man's eyes were closing, when John reached forward his hand, and taking him by the hair, at the risk of loosing his own hold, placed the old man's chin upon his knee, and kept it there, thus keeping his mouth out of the water. We thought that the old man was dead; but John, a hero, would not let his head drop, determined, if we should get to the shore, to bury his companion on the beach.

I now felt getting weak, and that all hope was over. I committed my soul and my family to God. I told John that I felt I was drowning, and that he must, if he could, save his own life. He replied, that he had no wish to live. if we were drowned that he would drown too. The poor fellow's heart was like to burst, not for himself, but for the old man and me. When I thought of home, and the wants of the work, I did wish to live. If my work was

done, I would die ; if not, all the water in the lake could not drown me. God's will be done ! I was perfectly resigned. I prayed ; and as I prayed, suddenly hope of being saved, hitherto lost, filled my mind. I felt an irresistible impression that we would not drown, that we would all be saved. Nothing that I saw had occurred to cause this, but I felt assured of its truth. The wind blew, the waves heaved, and we, like floating leaves, were tossed about as the storm willed. It was He who rules the winds, the waves, and the hearts and strength of men—from him did we get our hope and our strength. I felt so much revived that I began to paddle with my arm ; and just as the waves threw a paddle almost into John's hand, the bowsman's eyes opened. I now felt merry ; not that I could laugh, but very, very happy—thankfulness to God being the uppermost feeling.

We neared the shore, and several times I let my feet drop to sound ; but no bottom. Still we neared the shore, and again and again did I sound, and at last found the bottom, but a few yards from the beach.

The old man was our first care—he could not walk upright. John and I returned to save the canoe, and, on turning it up, found of all we had only my bedding. God was indeed good to us in this ; for we would have suffered much from cold during the night had the bedding not been restored to us. We knelt down on the beach and returned Him thanks. We now felt ourselves so much exhausted that we had to lay down on the beach, wet and cold as we were, and rest.

We picked up a few things that came ashore, among others a bag of biscuit, and about four pounds of pemmican. Our misfortune lost to me my double-barreled gun, all my clothing, money, and the goods I had to pay my voyagers, amounting to over £80 sterling.

We continued our voyage. The allowance of the three men were about two bites of pemmican per day, and a little mush, which had once been biscuit ; but I could eat nothing : my losses, and the shock I received from our danger, destroyed all sensation of hunger.

In three days we arrived at Fort Alexander. The men did ample justice to whatever was set before them ; and, to confess the truth, the sympathy of kind friends, and

plenty, brought back my own appetite with an edge I found difficulty in turning.

We were kindly received by Mr. Isbister, the person in charge. I cannot say too much of the kindness of Mrs. W. Sinclair. Mr. W. Sinclair had a good stock, and his benevolent lady pressed me to take, without price, all that I needed for the remainder of my journey. I had often heard of her kindness, but never proved it until now. I accepted two shirts, one neckerchief, and a few other things, and had to refuse her many, many offers, as I could not conscientiously take what I really did not want.

Here I paid to John and the bowsman their losses caused by the upsetting of the canoe, and, after prayer, we parted. I might here say, that we had daily prayer through all the journey, and with the families of the various forts we called at. I felt sorry to part with the men who had served me so faithfully, and so long. Here we parted; they to their homes, and me to my home. Home, though it is a bark wigwam, is a place to love!

FORT ALEXANDER.

I SHALL here write something more, in addition to what I said before of Fort Alexander, in the thirty-seventh page of this Journal. While I was stationed here in the year 1840, to give myself recreation after my studies, I used to go out with my gun, and shoot ducks, and geese, and rabbits, and pheasants. After hunting for an hour or two, I used to bring in, at one time, two or three rabbits, and, at another time, two or three pheasants, which always kept me and my family in the meat way for the following day.

On one occasion, I went out, as usual, and shot a rabbit on the ground, and while loading my gun, without changing my place, I saw another rabbit, and shot it without moving a step. When I looked around me after this, I saw rabbits sitting all around; I fired at the nearest, and kept loading and firing until I killed ten rabbits. All these I shot without going away more than twenty feet from the place where I stood first. This is the first time that I saw so many rabbits sit so quietly, notwithstanding the report of the gun. It is very true, these rabbits were young and foolish. This beats Canada for shooting. I never had such luck in my life before.

On another occasion, when spring came, I went out on a wild goose hunting excursion, with a man whom I employed to be cook for me. We went to Big Stone Point, on the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg, which is between this and the mouth of Red River. When we arrived there, we had first to make preparations for a hearty meal, before proceeding to our more important operations of hunting. When the cook had laid out our portions of food on a beautiful beach, and while we were busy eating, my man, with his mouth full of meat, cried out, or rather tried to cry out, "Here come the geese!" By this time I saw something move in the air, over my left shoulder. Knowing that this was the

motion of the geese's wings, I snatched up my gun in great haste, which was only a foot or two from me, took aim, and fired in the direction of the geese, whether to hit or to miss. Fortunately enough, I broke one of the wings of a goose, which made it come down at a distance on the smooth ice; and, without knowing what I was about, I threw down my gun, two or three feet from me, and ran with full speed for my wounded goose on the ice. The goose, having its wing broken, but still quite sound as to its legs, ran away, and made good use of its legs, and I after it, breathless. At last I overtook it and tried to kick its head, while the goose was running at full speed; but from too great excitement, and from not taking sufficient care, as the ice was smooth, I fell down. I rose up as quickly as I could, and ran and caught up my goose again. I succeeded in breaking its neck this time. When I returned to the cook, I told him that I had a fine chase and fine fun. "Yes," said he, "you had fun, but there was no fun for me." I said, Why? "Why," said the man, "when you jumped up from the sand while you were eating, as it were out of your senses, you kicked the hot plate of meat on my lap, and the hot tea on my thigh. I think the skin is coming off." "O," said I, "you will soon be well again." I was too much filled with joy on killing the first goose to sympathize with the man in his sufferings; however, not much of his skin came off.

It is customary, in these cold regions, in voyages and hunting excursions, to have hot tea with the dinner. It is particularly refreshing, after walking for a long time. Hence the Canadian, or half breed *voyageur*, trapper, or hunter, in the Hudson's Bay Territory, must always have his tea with the dinner. After dinner we moved to the neck of the peninsula, near where we were, and remained there two days. My luck in shooting was fifteen gray geese and a white one, called in this country a *wavy*. This wavy is a pretty bird, white as snow, except at the ends of the wings, which are black, and at the beak, which is red. It is very much like the domestic goose, but its skin is black instead of being white. Wavies are very numerous in this part of the country in spring and fall. I shot all the sixteen geese that I killed, on the wing. This was considered good luck for one who was a "green-horn" from Canada. It is

beautiful sport to shoot geese flying over one's head, and it is beautiful to see them as they fall to the ground. My cook shot four; so we had twenty altogether. These geese were so large and fat that we could not take them home with us; we therefore went home and sent for them the next day, when they were brought in a dog-sleigh.

I would, just here, also say, that Fort Alexander is a great place for white fish; thousands of them are caught by means of gill-nets, in the autumn, for the winter consumption of the inhabitants.

September 12.—At noon to-day, all our things being packed in our canoe, myself and men went in. My steersman was John Sinclair, the son of W. Sinclair, Esq., a young lad about eighteen years of age. I had another young man of about the same age from the fort. So I had very young men to take me on to Lac la Pluie, which was quite a distant post. The part of the route between Fort Alexander and Lac la Pluie is the most difficult and dangerous in my voyage, as there are many falls, rapids, and whirlpools in the way: we had, therefore, to look forward to many dangers. Master John did not go with me to make a voyager's wages, but only to accommodate me, there being no Indians about the fort, whom I might have employed. We soon arrived at the Manito Rapids, where we had to use a long cod-line to pull up our canoe, and got over without much difficulty. While coasting up the river, I saw two black ducks, or *stalk-ducks*, (as they are called in Hudson's Bay,) flying by us. I immediately took up Master Sinclair's double-barreled gun, and shot the ducks, one after another, with it. "You are a good marksman," said Master Sinclair. "Yes," said I, "I do very well, especially when I am hungry, and when I depend on the aim I make for my dinner."

In a short time we arrived at the first portage, which is called by the Indians, Ushkaunduhgah-onegum, (Evergreen Portage,) and is about half a mile in length. About one hundred and fifty yards below the landing of this portage is a point that juts out into a very strong current. This we tried to stem up without a rope, by means of our paddles, but were forced back two or three times by the waves and strong current. The last time we tried, our canoe was half filled with water. This compelled us to bail out the water and have recourse to our cod-line and pull up.

If our canoe had upset in this tremendous current, it is not likely we should have ever got out of the water. At the upper end of this portage we cooked and ate our dinner. While we were eating, an Indian brought us a fat, delicious sturgeon, for which I paid him well. It lasted us nearly all the next day. The great rapid here is a noted sturgeon fishery, where many Indians come and fish in the spring and fall, and catch many sturgeon; indeed, I may say, this fish forms part of their living. After dinner we went on, and had to use our cod-line several times to pull up against rapids. We encamped, late in the evening, at Silver Falls, where are two little portages, which we made in an hour and a half, that is, got over them.

The Silver Falls is one of the grandest falls in the Winnipeg River. From a distance, they present a beautiful white appearance, caused by the spray, from which they obtained the name of Silver Falls. The river where the falls are is more than a quarter of a mile wide. So whatever goes down these falls alive, goes to the bottom dead enough.

In the year 1847, I and my crew in one canoe, coming down this river, nearly perished by being drawn down the falls. I was then in charge of two canoes, taking Canada flour to Red River, for the troops who were stationed at the Red River settlement. Each canoe had twenty-six bags of flour, that is, thirteen barrels. I had six voyagers in each canoe. In coming down the river toward the landing of the portage, my steersman, Sebe, (River,) very foolishly and carelessly steered the canoe, so that we went too far out, and were drawn quickly down by the strong current. On perceiving their danger, the men began to pull with great force, in order to reach the landing, and thus save themselves from being drawn over the precipice of the falls. It was a struggle, a struggle for life! Ah! how imminent our danger was. Were we about to be engulfed in the foaming deep? As our canoe was heavily laden, it refused to obey us, (so to speak,) but was inclined to go over the precipice. An extra paddle being by my side, I picked it up and assisted the men. We gained inch by inch. All this time the landing was only about fifteen feet from us, only we were fifteen feet too low down. The men in the other canoe, in the meantime, were looking at us, anxious on our account, but could not render us assistance, as they had to take care of their

own canoe. They could only cry out, "Pull, pull, pull!" At last we reached the desired shore, and O, how glad our hearts were when we found ourselves once more safe on land. I looked at my men; their faces were as pale as death. The other crew, seeing us now safe, began to laugh at us, and to say, "Your faces are as white as a sheet; that will learn you to be a little more careful next time, when you come down to the landing." We expected this, for it is the nature of the Indian to laugh heartily when the greatest danger is over. My men tried to laugh, but they could not make it out; they were too much frightened. It was half an hour before I could myself get over the shock I had sustained, and be free from my nervous feeling. Now if we had had a distance of ten feet more to go, when we were pulling away to reach the landing, our canoe would have gone down and have been crushed to atoms, and we would have never trodden dry land alive. I was thankful to Almighty God that we had escaped such great danger. After this, my men took care not to get into such a scrape again on the voyage.

This circumstance reminds me of another that occurred in the same voyage, at Ironwood Point, Lake Winnipeg. I shall relate it, in order to show what dangers and difficulties are sometimes met with in these remote regions by travelers, and what care ought therefore to be taken. In distant missionary fields in other countries, the ambassadors of the cross have peculiar dangers to meet with. Some labor in countries where cannibalism exists; others are exposed to privations and sufferings in the midst of enemies. Here the missionary, in his voyages, has often his "perils of waters." It must be remembered, I had the same voyagers. Ironwood Point is between the mouth of Winnipeg River and Red River. When we arrived at the Point, we met an Indian in his canoe, who told us that Sioux Indians were about in the woods lurking. This was the same story that I had heard twice during the day. I did not put any reliance upon it, but my men felt rather afraid. We then entered a little bay, and after kindling a fire and cooking, we took our supper. After this we began to think of what we were told about Sioux being near, and felt many misgivings. Soon we thought we heard near us little sticks breaking, and the leaves of trees rustling, as if persons were moving about.

This confirmed our fears. We now thought the enemy were near. Instead of going to sleep here, I advised my men to go out in the canoes, and to keep at a distance of twenty yards from the beach; at the same time I told them to keep the canoes fixed by means of stones used as anchors. I got my double-barreled gun in good order, well loaded. We all agreed that each person in the crew should keep watch half an hour during the whole night. I then told a young man to keep watch while the rest slept. The other order that was given for the night was, to shoot anything that might appear on the water, whether it was a dog or gull. This precaution was considered necessary, for Indians who have evil intentions of murdering and robbing others, generally put over themselves skins of animals, such as those of dogs, wolves, and foxes, and approach their victims and thus deceive them. I handed over my double-barreled gun, well loaded, to the young man, who was thus prepared for good action in self-defense. My other men lay down, and soon fell into a sound sleep, being greatly fatigued by the long voyage of the day. I myself lay for some time, thinking what we would do if a large number of armed Indians really came and attacked us. In about fifteen minutes I threw off my blanket from my face, and rose up to see if the guard was up. The darkness of the night prevented me from seeing him, so I crawled up to where he was, and found him sound asleep, snoring away, and stretched upon a flour-bag. I said to him in a loud tone, "You are a fine fellow to be guard; where is my gun?" "Here it is," said he, taking up my gun from his side, and jumping on his two feet; "I will be more faithful next time in keeping guard." Hearing this good promise, I left him and went back to my bed. About fifteen minutes after, I rose up to see if the half hour was up. The time had just expired. When I had gone up to my man, to my surprise he was again sound asleep on his flour-bag. "Ah, you are a fine guard, you lazy fellow," said I; "now go and take your sleep." This sleepy guard was the younger son of a chief named Wahsejeese, of the White Dog. I took my gun, and gave it next to Sebe, a smart but wild young Indian, from Rat Portage. Smiling, and trying the locks of the gun, he said, "If the enemy come, I will fix them." I went back to my bed, but somehow or other I did not sleep for about a quarter of an hour. Then,

as before, I threw away my blanket to see if my guard was up. He was up. I now lay down with considerable confidence to have a good sleep, and did actually sleep for a few minutes. When I awoke and looked for the guard, I saw he was not up. He also was stretched upon a flour-bag. I said to him, "Why, you sleep too?" "Well, I believe I was asleep; but my eyes were open; that is, I meant to keep them open; again, if my eyes were shut, my ears were open, for I could hear the noise of the rippling of the water by the side of the canoe." "But that is not the way to keep good watch," replied I; "you should have been on your feet, and looked around." Taking up the gun, I gave it to my best man, named "Muhmaungegaud," (Big Legs,) from Rat Portage. On receiving the gun and trying the locks, he said, that it would not be good for the enemy to come. This man being old, and having a great deal of experience, I went to bed with great confidence, and did not awake till daylight. The consequence of this was, there were no further changes of the guard. Two or three hours had passed by since I lay down the last time to sleep. I asked Big Legs if he was awake all the time. He said he believed he slept very little. When I asked the others if they awoke during the night and saw if the last guard was up, they said they did not see him up. Consequently he must have had as good a sleep as any of us.

At sunrise we went ashore, and went to the place where we supposed the Indians lay in wait. We knew, from the dryness of a certain part of the ground, that two or three Indians must have lain there during the night, because all the ground around was wet from the dew. I do not believe the Sioux were there, although my men thought so. I rather think they were the very Indians we met the day before, who lay there, waiting till we should be all asleep, to steal a flour-bag or so from us. A flour-bag is thought by an Indian a thing worth stealing. My little army of private soldiers, being twelve in number, and I being the only officer, I did not force the martial law upon the unfaithful guards, so they were left unpunished.

September 13.—At sunrise we left the Silver Falls Portage, and in an hour and a half arrived at the White Clay Portage, which is a quarter of a mile in length. We soon made this, and after pulling away hard against a head cur-

rent, we arrived at nine o'clock at a portage a quarter of a mile long. Here we breakfasted. The falls are of considerable height. Some years ago, one of the boats of W. Sinclair, Esq., was carried down the falls while a man was in it. Mr. Sinclair was then going down to York Factory with his packs of furs. As soon as the boat went down it was broken in two, and these two parts were in a short time broken to pieces. Strange to say, the man in the boat, after being thrown about below by the boiling waters and dangerous whirlpools, made his escape. It is said that this poor Indian now never looks at these falls when he passes here without shuddering at the sight of them.

After breakfast we soon reached the Portage de Bonnet, as it was near. This is the portage where is a spot of ground which is favorable for agricultural purposes, as I said in the thirty-seventh page of this book. I must again say, this is a beautiful portage. When we got over, we pulled away and made two other little portages, after which we reached the waters of Lake de Bonnet. We dined a little above the last two portages. I was the cook here, while my men and the boys were bringing up the things; for I must tell the world that I am a pretty good cook when put up to it. The food that is generally prepared and eaten in these regions by voyagers is what is called "ahrubuhboo." I do not know what the word itself means. I spell it as I hear it pronounced. All *pork eaters* from Canada do not know how to make it. I shall here tell my readers how I proceeded to make it; for it was this sort of food we had in the voyage. After I had got the wood in order, and made a good blazing fire, I took my kettle, went to the lake, and put in it about two quarts of water. While this was getting to boil over the fire I took a two-quart hand dish half full of water, and put into it some flour, and stirred it till it looked like *mush*. The pan was now full. As the water in the kettle was now boiling, I took my pan-dish, and put all that was in it in the kettle, where it became thinner. I then took a stick and stirred. This, of course, took some time to boil. When it boiled I kept stirring it in order to prevent the dregs of the flour-soup (if I may so call it) from sinking and sticking at the bottom of the kettle and burning. If it burned, the dinner would be spoiled. This frequently happens with bad and indolent cooks. I myself succeeded very

well, as I was determined to be a good cook on this occasion. All depends upon the faithful continuance of stirring the flour-soup with a stick, until such a time as it is cooked. I carefully attended to this. When the flour-soup was quite cooked, I removed the kettle from the fire, and while my soup was boiling hot I jumped at my hatchet or tomahawk, and cut to pieces about a pound weight of *pemmican*, after which I threw this into the kettle. I stirred this quickly, so that the grease of the *pemmican* might be dissolved in the hot flour-soup. Thus ends the cooking. The time it takes to cook this is less than half an hour. It is very much like what is called in some countries *burgoo*. This "ahrubuhboo" is first-rate food for travelers in this country. At this time I poured it out in dishes for my men and myself, and made a good dinner out of it. Very often the men, when they are in a great hurry, instead of using dishes and spoons, pour out their "ahrubuhboo" on the smooth hollow rocks, where it becomes cooler in a short time, and eat it; those who have no spoons generally eat it in the dog fashion, licking it up with their tongues. The *pemmican*, of which I have just made mention, is made by pounding dried buffalo meat and mixing buffalo grease with it. This mixture is put in buffalo skin bags and well packed, so as to become very hard. Each bagful weighs about ninety pounds. The *pemmican*, when well taken care of, will last three or four years without being salted. It is much relished by "Norwesters," and is the main article of food in some parts of Hudson's Bay Territory.

After dinner, Lake de Bonnet being calm, we started off, and pulled away till we arrived at the mouth of Still River, where, on one of the rocky points, we encamped for the night. When we were taking our supper, we congratulated ourselves for having made such a long day's voyage this day. I flattered my young men very much, in order to get a good day's work out of them the next day.

September 14.—Early this morning we started and breakfasted on a beautiful smooth rock at the narrow entrance of Still River. The scenery here is very beautiful. After breakfast we went on, admiring the landscape along the river. Still River is so called from its being narrow and deep, and from its flowing very gently, so as to present quite a smooth surface. It takes travelers a whole day to go the

whole length of it; it has very little current, and has two or three beautiful portages, the longest of which is about half a mile in length. No winds can retard the progress of the voyager. Voyagers very often take this route in going to Lac la Pluie, instead of taking the route along the main river, where are many large dangerous falls and whirlpools, and where the current is very strong. Still River is altogether the best route. Some of the marshes along this river are beautiful, and have fine hay extending about five miles in length, where thousands of heads of cattle could be wintered.

We dined at a portage called Crack Rock Portage, which is about half way up the river. It received its name from the large cracks in the rocks near the landing of the portage. A sad accident occurred here many years ago. An Indian child, while walking about among the cleft rocks, fell in one of the fissures; her cries reached the ears of the mother, who hastened to the place, but, alas! could not save her. The opening in the rock was too deep and too narrow. The child was therefore left to die, to the great grief of the mother. Her bones are still here at the present day. Travelers passing by, and especially women, are told the sad tale, and led from this to take care of their children.

At the upper end of this portage we dined. In the fall of 1849 a circumstance occurred here, in which an Indian displayed great heroism. I shall state as I heard it. The Lac la Pluie brigade of boats was then going up this river. After the boats were conveyed over the portage and were all loaded, the men, that is, the voyagers, went to take their dinner close by. In one of the boats in the river, a fine young boy named David, son of Mr. Isbister, postmaster of Lac la Pluie, was at this time sleeping; on getting up he fell overboard, but did not sink on account of his clothes. The current was fast taking him down to the pitch of the falls. The cry was immediately made that a boy had fallen into the water and was taken down the current. The mother set up a heart-rending cry, but no one moved a step to save the boy, although there were above twenty men there looking on, for they considered it certain death for the person who would risk his life in the attempt. Ye mothers, what would have been the state of your feelings if you had seen your child thus swept away by a strong current?

How much would you have offered to have him saved? At length an Indian named Kewadin (North Wind) jumped forward and leaped into the water; he caught hold of the child and proceeded to swim across the stream. No one expected to see him reach the opposite shore; but great was the surprise of those looking on when they saw Kewadin come up with the child from the water on the other side, just above the place where the water falls perpendicularly. Had the man remained a few seconds longer on the water, he would have been carried down the falls. It was, indeed, a hair-breadth escape. The man afterward returned, and gave up the child to the weeping mother. This was indeed a noble act of his; he, I believe, only got a pair of corduroy trousers, a shirt, and a few other things. If it had been my child that was saved, I would have clothed the man from head to foot.

After dinner we proceeded. Along the sides of the river were fine marshes having good wild hay, extending for miles together. During the afternoon we made several little portages, and at five o'clock we made the last little portage in this river, and soon reached the main river again. A laughable incident took place while making the last-mentioned portage. We were too lazy to carry the canoe on our backs, so we tried to pull it up over the rapids with a cord. The rapids had not a rise of more than four feet, and were not more than thirty or forty feet in length. We were on the south side on a smooth rock nearly perpendicular, and nearly five feet high. After the canoe was hauled up to the water above, we came down the rock of nearly perpendicular height to go in the canoe, but as I was about to step in, my foot slipped on the smooth rock, and in falling down into the water, knocked over one of my men, who, in turn, knocked over the other; so we all three splashed in the water by the canoe. We could not prevent ourselves from going in. Luckily at this place the water was not more than four feet deep. We struggled and soon came up to the surface, with our heads and shoulders alone out of the water. One of my men, who was nearest to the canoe, which was already approaching the rapids, plunged in that direction and laid hold of the canoe, and kept it from going down the rapids which we had just passed. All this took place in a moment. We gave vent to our mirth, and

laughed at ourselves on account of our misfortune. We waded right over to the opposite shore, and landed on a level spot of ground. Our clothes were, of course, all wet; but this was of no consequence, as we had our traveling dress. Perhaps my readers would like to know what my traveling dress consists of. I generally wear a wide-awake hat, a striped colored shirt, a girdle and corduroy trowsers, without a handkerchief, coat, vest, shoes, or socks. The men, or regular voyagers, wear a cap, a colored shirt, a girdle, and common linen trowsers. This is all they wear. Our wading in the water so often easily accounts for our not wearing shoes; besides, we get warm enough without putting on more clothing. We suffer, however, in one respect, for wearing no neckkerchief. Our enemies, the musketoes, take advantage of us while our necks are exposed. We do not care much for them in general, as each one takes such a very small portion of blood; but when thousands come and take away much blood, then there is no fun in it. Millions of these annoying musketoes wait for passengers at the landing of the portages in this country, and very politely escort them through the length of the portages, against the will of the passengers, and for their trouble, they take their pay in blood. It was from wearing my voyager's dress that I lost all my fine suits of clothes in Lake Winnipeg, when my canoe was upset. I always wear my common dress in voyaging, as I work as well as my men. I might go like a passenger, as gentleman, but I seldom do.

We soon went over the beautiful Otter Portage. We encamped a short distance above the falls. Only one third of the land that we have seen lately is fit for cultivation, about half of the rest is rock, and the other half swamp.

September 15.—Early on this morning, it being a fine day, we made a start. At breakfast time we met with Indians at the rapids of the Little Sturgeon Weir; these Indians gave us some presents of rice, and we gave them tobacco in return, of which they were in great want. At the foot of these rapids is a very large whirlpool, behind a smooth rock island. I will relate what occurred here in one of my former voyages, in the year 1849. On coming down the river I landed at the head of these falls to pick a few wild plums that were in sight. While thus engaged, my men left me and proceeded to make the portage below; I was thus left to

walk down to the water's edge. When I arrived there, my men had just finished reloading their canoe, and pushed out; but by some carelessness or other, they got into the whirlpool. They pulled hard for their lives, but apparently in vain. I was in the meantime on the main shore, trembling and praying for them. I was safe enough, but I thought that my men would perish. Fortunately there were in the canoe two large extra paddles, which the young men laid hold of and used. They made another great effort, and at last they extricated themselves from the whirlpool. When they came to me, they were as pale as death. I was never so thankful to the Giver of all good and Eternal Preserver, for preserving my men at this time, for the heathen enemies of the cross would have said that the missionary had willfully drowned his men in this awful whirlpool.

As it was a fine day, we made good progress in our voyage. We dined at the upper end of the Slave Falls. In the afternoon we made what are called by the Indians, "Kahnesoosingin," or the Three Portages. The two upper are called Portage du Bois. In the evening we made the Chats du Jacques, and slept there.

September 16.—This morning we pulled against a strong current for a number of miles. We then went on the long lake, called the Grand Turn; after this we again contended against a strong current, and slept at the upper end of the Island Portage. Here in the evening some Indians came, and brought us some rice and fish, for which we gave them tobacco. Among these was Chief Wahsejeese, with other Indians, who belong to Islington, the Church Mission Station. The following day, after passing many a turn in the lake and river, we reached the White Dog, or, as it is now called, Islington, about dinner-time. Here we remained the rest of the day. We were kindly received and treated by Mr. Kennedy, the person in charge of the place. We had a good dinner, supper, and breakfast, and comfortable night's lodgings from him. While I was here with the people I had evening and morning prayer with them.

September 18.—When I wished to go on this morning I found that my two men were unable (as they said) to proceed on the voyage with me. Poor fellows! One said he had the stomach ache; the other said he had a fever. For

the situation and the quality of the soil about the place, see page 35 of this journal.

As there were a couple of lads here, I hired them to go with me to Rat Portage. In the early part of the day we arrived at the first of several portages, which are close together here. By one o'clock P.M. we finished making four portages; we dined at the upper end of the last portage.

I will just relate what occurred here in one of my former trips, in 1849. At the head of the rapids is a small rock jutting out into the water, and behind the rock is a little eddy. In this eddy my men, as they walked on the high rock, many feet above the water, espied a large sturgeon, which was observed, at one time, to remain on the surface of the water, and sometimes to be thrown quite above the surface, by the motion of the water, and at another time to disappear. My men said that they would give anything for this large fresh sturgeon. To catch and kill it was impossible, for there was no spear in our possession. But the men still looked as eagerly at it as an Englishman would have looked, had there been a bag of gold in the water. "Come, come," said I to my men, "it is no use to waste more time looking at it; we will never get it; it has only to move its tail once, and then it is out of our reach." But the men were loath to come away. At last one of them said:

"I will try one experiment, if you will let me."

"What is that?" said I.

"Let me have your double-barreled gun," said he, "and I will put ball in it, and will hide behind the rock yonder; I will then shoot the sturgeon on the head, when it comes up to the surface, but let another man go down and stand in the water up to his knees, behind another point of rock close by. If I should then stun the sturgeon by firing at it, the man in the water will rush toward it and drag it up."

"Here is my gun," said I, at once; "your plan of operation is an excellent one."

So he took the gun, and after loading it, he went down below, with another man, to put his plan into execution. The rest of us, who stood upon a rock about sixty feet high, nearly perpendicular, watched the two men below us. We had quite a good view. Both of the men took their posts

at the time the sturgeon disappeared under the surface of the water. Every five minutes the sturgeon used to come up. Presently it rose up finely to the surface, and, at this time, the man with the gun banged away at it. In an instant we saw the under part of the sturgeon. The other Indian, in the meantime, who was within a yard and a half of the spot, sprang at the wounded sturgeon as eagerly as the fish hawk after its prey. He seized it, but could not take it up, for it wanted to go into the deep water. The other man, at this time, put down the gun, and ran to the aid of his companion. After a tug of three or four minutes they brought up the sturgeon high and dry, to the joy of the rest of my men. The ball had entered the back of the neck. This was the first sturgeon that I had seen killed with a bullet. We lost no time in cleaning, cooking, and eating it. It made a good dinner for my twelve men. Some remained over and above, for the fish weighed from forty-five to fifty pounds.

We passed through one or two small lakes this afternoon, and encamped on the point of a beautiful rock. There are many rocks about this place.

September 19.—This morning we made an early start. At ten o'clock we made a portage half a mile long, and at one o'clock arrived at the Rat Portage Establishment. Mr. M'Kenzie, the gentleman in charge of the place, gave us a good dinner of fresh fish. There were very few persons at this place at this time; it looked very solitary. Soon after dinner we left the establishment, and pulled through the length of a long lake. We encamped at the Narrows for the night.

September 20.—A fine morning. We started early. The Lake of the Woods being calm, we pulled on, and by ten o'clock P. M. we finished crossing the long, beautiful lake. We made a good long voyage to-day.

September 21.—The morning was beautiful. We made an early start, as usual. As we entered the mouth of the Lac la Pluie River, which is seventy-five miles in length, we met a trading-boat going to White Fish Lake, to trade for furs with the Indians. It was in charge of Narcisse Chantellain, who gave us some fresh sturgeon, which we thankfully accepted. We went a great distance to-day. We slept at the Long Sault.

September 22.—A fine day. We were off early again.

We made the Manito Rapids Portage. Here we had our breakfast. Late in the evening we arrived at Fort Frances, where I was well received by my friend, Mr. Pether.

In the following lines, I shall make further remarks with respect to Lac la Pluie station, in addition to those I made before on page 31. Below the falls, not far from the fort, is a fine place for white fish. The Company's men go every morning, at seven o'clock, to this place, with a seine about seventy feet long, and after throwing it once or twice into the river, bring away with them enough fish for breakfast, and sometimes for dinner. While I was stationed here, I had many a good breakfast on these white fish. In the fall of the year, when many more fish are caught, the Company get them salted in casks for the winter supply.

I will give here an instance of my good luck in spearing sturgeon in the daytime. On the 21st of March, 1839, I went out with the intention of spearing sturgeon, as it was a fine day. The river, below the falls, for more than the length of a mile, remains open during the winter, on account of the strong current, or rather on account of many springs here. It was here I fished. I had a young man with me to paddle my canoe. As I was going out from the shore, A. McDonald, Esq., chief factor, asked me if I was going out to fish; and when I told him I was, he said, "Now, be sure to leave a he one and a she one to breed, after you have killed the rest." This was as much as to say that I would not kill any. I pushed off; for a quarter of a mile I saw nothing in the water but the gravel at the bottom of the river. As we proceeded down, I saw two sturgeon lying together like logs. I plunged my spear into the neck of one of them, and thereby knocked it stiff dead; therefore I had no trouble to haul it into the canoe. My steersman was quite delighted at my success. I soon got my spear out of the dead sturgeon, and pushed up stream, seeking the sturgeon's mate. I could see the bottom of the river a long way before me, as the water at this place was only six or seven feet deep. I soon spied the other also, and got it into my canoe. This encouraged me to fish longer. I then went in a different direction, and saw another sturgeon, and another. I now saw a large number of them. I speared on, till I actually got ten into my canoe. The canoe could not now hold more, so we had to throw them out on the ice, along the shore, for it must be borne

in mind, that at this time, in these cold regions, it is yet very cold, and a regular winter. As soon as we emptied the canoe, we pushed off in search of other sturgeon, and soon got ten more. These we were obliged again to throw out on the ice. When we went out again we caught eight more. As it was now late in the day, we retired from fishing. So we had twenty-eight in all. I never had such a good sturgeon fishing in all my life. The weight of each of these sturgeon varied from forty to one hundred pounds. We could only take a limited number home, not even half. The inhabitants of the fort were very glad to take the sturgeon that I threw out to them. They soon went for the remainder that were lying on the ice. When all were brought, each family took a sturgeon and feasted out and out. I went out several times after, during the remaining days of March, and in April, for the same purpose, but I never had more than from ten to fifteen sturgeon. For the other years that I was here we used to make an annual sturgeon fishing, the same time of the year. There were generally about fifteen canoes of us. In these fishing excursions I excelled other fishermen. While I used to have ten or fifteen fish, the others had never more than about five each. I consider myself very expert in spearing fish; I do not acknowledge an equal, much less a superior, here. It does not matter how fast a sturgeon goes by me, it is mine if it comes within the reach of my spear-pole.

In the same open water, I and others used to spear white fish during the winter, every week. This was in the night. At the head of my canoe I used to place a torch to give light; by this means I plainly saw the fish and speared them. While other fishermen used to get from fifteen to twenty white fish in one night, I used to get from forty to fifty. I was known, far and wide, as the greatest spearsman that came into the territory. No man among the Company's servants, or among the Indians round, was known to be equal to me.

The next thing that I shall speak about is rabbit-snaring in winter. I was not so famed for snaring rabbits as I was for spearing fish; I was quite a second-rate hand. To show this more plainly, when I would snare fifteen rabbits on one night, my friend Chantellain, interpreter of the Fort, would snare thirty, and when I would snare thirty, he would snare

sixty. The highest number I ever snared on one night was forty; I had then ninety-five snares out. This number of forty rabbits would be considered impossible to get in Canada in one night. My friend C. snared eighty rabbits the same time; but he had one hundred and fifty snares out that night. A party of us, consisting of five men, having once gone out for ten or fifteen days, we snared fifteen hundred rabbits, besides those that we ate in the meantime. Each man ate three rabbits per day, and sometimes an extra one for supper. The way to snare rabbits is to make hedges crossing their well-beaten path, and to leave a small opening for them to run through. At the opening a snare-line is set, the end of which is fastened to a bending willow, which, when pulled a little, as in the case of the rabbit moving the line, springs up with the rabbit, as is generally the case. Thus, when the snarer comes in the morning, he finds his rabbit hanging up by the neck in the air, like a culprit. When all the snaring parties of the Company come home from the woods, they bring from eight to ten thousand rabbits. These keep fresh and good during the winter months.

A few words now about goose and duck shooting. In this I was over-matched by my friend W. Sinclair, Esq., now chief factor in the Company's service. Whenever I went out in the month of April to shoot geese flying, about the bays and marshes of Lac la Pluie, I used to bring home five or six geese per trip. But Mr. S. generally brought home double or treble the number I had. In the month of April we used to have so many geese, that we had a goose for breakfast, a goose for dinner, and a goose for supper; at times I got sick at the very sight of a goose on the table.

Fort Frances is a very great fort for rich furs. A traveler calling at the fur store in the end of May, would see in one half hour's time, as I have seen, more rich furs than he would see in thirty years' time in Canada. When these furs are packed up, they are taken in boats to York Factory, Hudson's Bay, and from Hudson's Bay they are taken in the Company's ship to England, where most of them are sold at a great price; some are sent to other European markets. In short, the Hudson's Bay Company are making a very rich trade out of the Indians in this territory. The Hudson Bay Company is the only monopolizing company that now exists in British North America; it is therefore very rich.

While I was stationed here as missionary, our religious services were conducted in the Church of England form. Every Sunday morning we read the whole of the morning prayer as it is in the Prayer Book. Sometimes I preached extempore, other times I read Wesley's Sermons. When all the company's servants were present at our service, we had a very good congregation. As regards the Indians, I used to speak to them separately altogether. In the winter very few or none were to be seen about the fort; in the summer sometimes great numbers were congregated together in the open ground near the falls. They are great idolaters. Their *meda* belief is very strong, and very little can be done to turn them away from the service of Satan, while they are so much under the influence of the conjurers. Very few of them received the Christian baptism while I was here.

September 23.—After dinner, at noon, I paid off my men that brought me from the White Dog, and hired two other men from the fort to take me on my journey. One was young Judah, the son of Baptiste Judah, a French half breed. The other was an Indian named Doozoway. We started from Fort Frances for Fort William after dinner.

At the mouth of the river we met two young Indians in separate canoes; one gave me some ducks and the other gave me a goose. As usual, I gave them tobacco in return. We now entered Rainy Lake; we encamped on one of the first islands that we came to. In the evening it was raining hard. We turned our canoe bottom upward, put poles over it, and then threw our oil-cloth over the whole; under this we were quite secure from the rain. We made a good fire, and prepared our ducks for supper; after our prayers we lay down under the canoe for a good sleep.

September 24.—A fine day. We pulled away through the length of Rainy Lake, and made our encampment at the upper end of two portages. This was considered a good day's voyage. Here we cooked our goose, and not only ate the whole goose, but two or three ducks besides. I consider these voyages just the things to sharpen the appetite. I would recommend all ladies and gentlemen, who have lost their appetites in towns and cities, to come and take a long voyage in this direction. I would assure them that they would return in a much improved condition.

September 25.—Another fine day. It blew very hard,

but the wind was in our favor. In two hours we passed the Nahmakaun, or Sturgeon Lake. When we reached the entrance of the Nahmakaun River, it blew a hurricane; we were glad that we were not wind-bound; we congratulated ourselves that we were in a narrow river at this time. We pulled up stream, and made several portages during the day. Nothing worth relating occurred to-day, but I will relate what occurred at the second portage from Nahmakaun in one of my former voyages. The fall is four feet high, and is nearly perpendicular. The surface of the water where it begins to fall is quite smooth. The fall is so large that voyagers dare not shoot over, as they do in smaller falls. I and my men were coming from Fort William, Lake Superior, with a load of flour, for the use of my family at Fort Frances. I was not able that year to get flour from Red River, on account of the troops being there. We had intended to go near the pitch of the rapids, in order to save ourselves much labor and trouble, and to make a short portage of thirty feet. But in approaching the desired place just above the pitch, we accidentally touched a stone under our canoe, which was immediately whirled round; as there was a strong current besides, the canoe became ungovernable. I was steersman at the time. The canoe was fast going down on her broadside; our only alternative, therefore, was to go down the falls. It was too late to go back. Down we went. As we were going down, I cried out to my men; telling them to squat at the bottom of the canoe, while I did the same at the same moment. Plash we went; every one of us, without knowing it at the time, lost his paddle. By this time our canoe was half full of water. For a few minutes we were senseless. There was our luggage floating about, the flour-bags were quite wet. My men, as I said before, lost all their paddles, and as I also lost my steering paddle, our canoe was now at the mercy of the rocks below, to be dashed to pieces on striking them. At this critical moment kind Providence sent up my paddle to my hand, that is, by the motion of the water about a whirlpool, my paddle was forced up erect near me, and I laid hold of it, and steered the canoe, so that we evaded the projecting rocks that threatened to break our canoe to pieces, and went to an eddy, where my men luckily got their paddles. We soon went down all right again, as if nothing had happened. Atheists would say that we were saved by

chance on this occasion. I have no doubt that God interposed to save and protect us. I gave him hearty thanks for preserving me and my men, and for saving our canoe from destruction. I had then four men. The canoe was a middle-sized one.

We encamped for the night at Shingwahkokahning.

September 26.—We made several portages, and passed several lakes during the day. We made a tolerably good voyage: we encamped on the shore of a lake. The country that we have passed for more than eight hundred miles is very little worth for agricultural purposes.

September 27.—Early this morning we started, and made two portages and two lakes. We had our breakfast at Ogoneekahning Lake. After breakfast the clouds began to gather, and looked as if it was going to rain or snow. At twelve o'clock the snow fell fast and soon it was perceptible lying on the ground. At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the French portage. In the year 1839, when Mr. Evans and I were traveling here together, we and our men nearly starved. I went along the bay at this place, and found a small creek running into it. I thought, from the appearance of the clear stream, that fish could be taken here in the night by spearing. So in the meantime I got ready my spear and birch-bark for flambeaux. When night came, I fished and caught a large number of fine pickerel. I brought them home; the hearts of our hungry men were quite gladdened at the sight of the fish. Our men had a regular "blow out" of a breakfast the next morning.

In making this long portage, I never suffered so much in these cold regions for the whole term of twelve years that I was in them, as I did at this time. It snowed very much, and the wind was strong. We had to follow a narrow path, on each side of which were pine bushes and other evergreens covered with wet snow. It was impossible to walk on without touching these; consequently our clothes were quite wet from the snow melting on them. We were drenched to the skin, and felt very cold by the time we reached the other end of the portage. My men nearly cried from the cold. I was not in a much better state. Our teeth were chattering from the cold. O how glad we were when we kindled a large blazing fire, and partook of a hearty supper. Although the day was so cold, yet the lakes were still open for us to



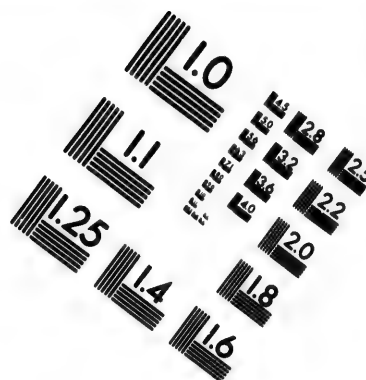
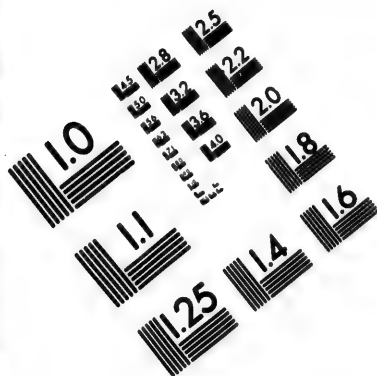
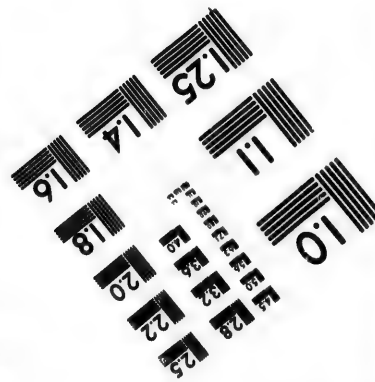
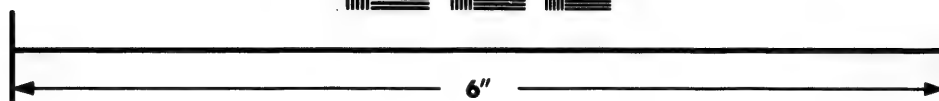
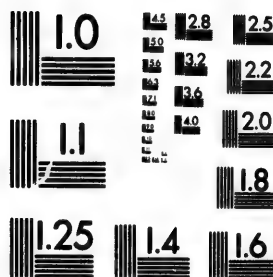


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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pass through. Among these lakes was the Thousand Island Lake. We slept at the entrance of the Savan River.

September 28.—Early this morning we ascended the Savan River. At noon we made a portage, and then made another called Prairie Portage, at the end of which we encamped for the night. Prairie Portage is three miles long, but it is a dry one. It forms the limit between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory. At the west end of it are the waters and sources of the rivers that flow to Hudson's Bay; and at the east end, those that run to Lake Superior and the River St. Lawrence.

September 29.—We now descended the crooked Dog River, made several portages, and encamped at the mouth of Dog River.

September 30.—Early this morning we pulled across the fine Dog Lake, and made the Dog Portage, which is a beautiful mountain portage very nearly three miles in length. At the head of this portage is a large earth figure of a dog, that is said to have been constructed by a band of Sioux Indians, many years ago. They (if we may put confidence in the story) came up from the west to this end of the portage in search of Chippeway scalps, and not succeeding in this, they stopped here and made the figure of a dog, from which the portage received its name. Some think the reason of the Sioux for making the dog, was to show what they thought of their enemies, the Chippeways. They looked upon them as worthless dogs.

At noon we dined at a certain portage, where occurred the incident mentioned below, in one of my former voyages. In the year 1842, when I was returning from England to Lac la Pluie, I had what are called in this country lazy voyagers. They encamped early, and got up late in the morning. Smart voyagers do the reverse; they encamp late for the night, and get up early in the morning. My commands to the men to rise had frequently no effect. When I got up early on this occasion, at the portage just referred to, I thought I would induce the men to make an early start. I said to them, "Come, boys, rise up; it is time to go." They only gave groans like hogs, turned round their bodies, and began to take another sweet nap. On seeing this, I contrived means and ways to make the lazy fellows get up. The plan I chose was this: I got a pile of light wood, such as

pine, cedar, and birch-bark; I then lighted a match and set it to the birch-bark, and to the dry, light wood. This soon burned, and a great blazing fire was made. At this time I cried out aloud, "Your blankets are burning, men!" Every one scrambled away to save his blanket from burning. I did the same frequently afterward. By this plan I accomplished my journey much sooner than I would have done otherwise.

After dinner I examined our remaining stock of provisions. I found out that there was only a good large meal remaining for each one of us, whereas four meals were yet wanting for each before our journey would be accomplished. Only a meal for each. We then held a consultation as to what we should do respecting our provisions. So we came to the conclusion that we would not take a meal for the next twenty-four hours, that is, not till noon of the following day. For the evening we encamped at one of the portages.

October 1.—We made an early start. Had no breakfast to-day. We had our dinner at the portage above the falls. I turned cook, while my men were engaged in carrying the things. I took the flour and ham, the only provisions we had, and commenced making dough, out of which I made a sort of dumplings. I cooked away. I boiled the dumplings and ham together. The dinner was soon ready. My men came up quite glad, and were saying, "Master seems to be a good cook." We were so hungry that not a bit remained over. Thus the last of our provisions was gone. We were again obliged to do without food the next twenty-four hours.

After dinner we soon made the Mountain Portage. See what I say about this portage in page 24 of this journal. The water was now very low, consequently we were disappointed making a quick descent on the Fort William River. We could have gone down quickly had the water been high, as the current is in our favor. We could not, however, enjoy this favorable current. I had to go ashore and walk for miles. In many places the water was not more than six inches deep. We encamped on the banks of the river, and went to bed *supperless*.

October 2.—This morning we had no breakfast. Started early. On account of the shallowness of the water, made slow progress. In the forenoon I walked over twelve miles, but

for nine miles of this the path on the bank of the river was beautiful. At noon the nine-mile path brought me to a still water very deep. We had yet no dinner, and were hungry. My men, still up the river somewhere, were coming down as fast and as well as they could. From this place the water was deep all the way to Fort William. When my men arrived I jumped into the canoe. We now went on in deep water. Just as we made one turn of the river, we espied wigwams; on approaching them we thought we would now get something to eat. True enough, the Indians had hundreds and thousands of white fish; they had also some cooked. They gave us some fish, for which we were thankful; we lay to and ate heartily. It was now twenty-four hours since we last ate at the Mountain Portage. After dinner we proceeded to Fort William, where we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Ermatinger.

October 3.—To-day I paid off my voyagers, rigged them up, and gave them provisions for their homeward voyage. They started for their homes. I inquired at the fort if I could get any men to take me on the Sault, but was told that there were none to be found. So I was obliged to wait here the next ten days for the vessel *White Fish*. During my stay with Mr. and Mrs. Ermatinger I was well treated by them. I interpreted for Mr. Ermatinger in his trading with the Indians. The days seemed to pass away more quickly this way than they would if I had had nothing to do. At last the vessel *White Fish* arrived, and stayed only one day. The next morning I was off, being well supplied with eatables by Mr. Ermatinger for the voyage on Lake Superior. Nothing worth mentioning occurred in the voyage; only we had high winds, and were sometimes in danger of being driven against the rocks of granite in the lake; at length we arrived at Sault Ste. Marie. From this place I took a steamer to Detroit, and from there went on to Buffalo. I then proceeded by cars to the Niagara Falls. From this place I went on to Toronto, Cobourg, and Rice Lake. Here I found my wife and family, all well. I thanked God that he had spared my life and the lives of my wife and family that we might see each other once more here on earth. Thus ends the six months' journey.

The next Sabbath I preached at the church in the village to a large and attentive congregation, from the words in

Psalm cvii, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." In my discourse I made mention of my sufferings, perils, and privations in my journey. I referred to the happy meetings I had with the Christian Indians at the Wesleyan Mission Stations of the Northwest. I said that there, also, the Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in his wings, and was shedding light upon the benighted heathen. I directed my audience to pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, so that many more heathen in Hudson's Bay might be gladdened at the joyful tidings of a Saviour's love. The discourse made a good impression upon the audience. I again bless God for bringing me back in safety to my journey's end.

from^{er}

WESLEYAN MISSION AT ROSSVILLE,

IN THE
HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORIES.

THE mission village of Rossville, in the Hudson's Bay Territories, is situated about three miles from Norway House, one of the principal trading establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. The station was commenced in September, 1840, by the late Rev. James Evans. Having selected a site for the erection of mission premises, and dwelling houses for the native converts, he found the spot thickly covered with poplars and underwood; but, with the help of Peter Jacobs, the native teacher, aided by the Indians connected with the post, he soon succeeded in clearing the wilderness; and before the winter set in, ten comfortable houses had been raised, to which a mission house was added by the Honorable Company. The Indians, for whose benefit the station was especially designed, are a part of the Swampy Cree tribe; some of whom find permanent employment as fishermen, boatmen, and laborers, in the service of the company, while others procure their subsistence by hunting the fur-bearing animals with which the country abounds, the skins of which they sell to the company's agents.

Four months previously to the commencement of the station, the Rev. R. T. Rundle had arrived at the Norway House on his way to the Saskatchewan district; and while awaiting the arrival of Mr. Evans to take charge of the mission, he opened his commission by preaching in English to the company's officers and clerks, and addressed the Indians through the medium of an interpreter. On the first occasion of his proclaiming the gospel to the Indians, about

one hundred were present, who manifested great attention while he unfolded to them the plan of redeeming love. On that very day some of them applied to him for baptism; but wishing to instruct them further in the things of God, he declined complying with their request for a season. The Indians appeared to be a people prepared of the Lord. Donald Ross, Esquire, the company's officer, the gentleman after whom the village received its name, had taken great pains in endeavors to civilize them; and he had been evidently rendered very useful in preparing them to receive the word of truth. Before Mr. Evans reached the post, several of the Indians were under deep concern for the salvation of their immortal souls, and one, a female, had been made a happy believer in Jesus. The Indians now came from a distance to hear the word; and it was no uncommon sight to see groups of penitents, of every age, weeping under the subduing influence of the Spirit's power. Being united in church fellowship, they steadily advanced in Christian knowledge and piety, and demonstrated to those around, that the grace of God can change the savage into a saint. Simultaneously with his labors in the formation of the village, the efforts of Mr. Evans were directed to the adoption of measures for the still further diffusion of divine truth. Having invented syllabic characters, by which the reading of the Cree language might be greatly facilitated, he succeeded, after encountering many difficulties, in cutting punches, casting type, and printing, with his own hand, lesson-books, hymns, and portions of the holy Scriptures, &c. Many of the Indians and children quickly acquired the art of reading, and learned to sing with fluency our beautiful hymns.

The summer of 1842 was unfavorable to agricultural improvements, but the religious state of the mission was encouraging. The number of residents on the station increased, and the school was in a prosperous state, the average attendance being fifty-five. The company erected a school-house at the village, and the foundation for a chapel was commenced.

The Rossville settlement consisted in the autumn of 1844 of thirty dwelling houses, a chapel in course of erection, a school-house and workshop. Industry advanced under the influence of Christianity. The cultivation carried on by

the inhabitants gave promise of a productive harvest of barley, turnips, and potatoes, the only crops which the rigor of the climate permitted them to cultivate. The mission garden, commenced in the spring, afforded a constant supply of fresh vegetables for the families of the missionaries during summer, as well as store-potatoes for the long winter, and seed for the following spring. The gardens of the children in the school, Mr. Mason stated, in a communication to the committee, looked well, as also the gardens and fields of barley throughout the settlement; but, what was infinitely more important, the people advanced in spiritual attainments. Their regular attendance on the means of grace, their consistent behavior, and the ardent desire they manifested for the salvation of their fellow-countrymen still in heathen darkness, showed them to be possessed of those sacred principles which had made them "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

The church, erected by the assistance of the company, was opened for divine service in 1845, and improved the appearance of the village as well as greatly promoted the comfort of the ministers and worshippers. Being anxious to establish a manual-labor school, Mr. Evans procured from the Red River settlement a female teacher to instruct the girls in spinning; and his excellency Sir George Simpson, the governor of the company's territories, generously supplied eighty-eight pounds of wool, the first ever spun at Rossville. The summer and fall of this year were very favorable for the gardens, which produced nearly one thousand bushels of potatoes. They improved much in civilization. They were clean and neat in their persons, and their houses exhibited an air of comfort. When assembled in the house of God on the Sabbath, the missionary reported their deportment and appearance are such, that it would have been difficult to decide whether it was an assembly of whites, excepting for the deep brown color of their skin. The power and presence of God were felt in the public ministrations of the sanctuary, as well as at prayer-meetings and more private means of grace; and the church members progressed in knowledge and holiness. The schools were in a flourishing state, and promised, at no distant period, to furnish native agents for employment on the mission. From Donald Ross, Esquire, the missionaries

received unremitting kindness; and the interests of the people were promoted by that gentleman to the utmost of his ability. A mission press was sent from England at the close of the year, much to the joy of the missionaries, who had long and anxiously looked for such a means of carrying the light of the gospel to the dark places surrounding them on every hand.

The Indians on the station were reported, in 1846, to be persevering, generally, in the paths of piety, and the work of God prospered. The school was in a promising state, and the progress of the youth and children was satisfactory to the missionary, and did credit to the teachers. The young females were advancing in the knowledge of domestic duties. The female teacher, engaged during the previous year, had succeeded in teaching several of the girls to spin, and to knit stockings, gloves, and mittens, and to make straw hats and bonnets.

Space does not permit that we should continue the history of the station through successive years; but its gratifying state at the present time is shown in the following extract of a communication from the Rev. William Mason, who writes under date of August 19th, 1852:—

“Never were our missions more prosperous, and never were our circumstances more calculated to inspire hope. We all feel encouraged, and with renewed faith and trust in God our Saviour, are we determined to prosecute our work of mercy, for the progress of our missions is truly encouraging. There is a gradual improvement going on in the experience and knowledge of divine things in the members of society. Their upright and consistent conduct; their steadfastness and diligent attention to religious, and conscientious discharge of relative duties, both at home and when hunting, cannot fail in giving satisfaction and encouragement to all who take an interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor aborigines of these extensive territories.

Heathenism has received its death-blow, and falls before the power and influence of the gospel. Priestly incantations and Indian juggling have ceased: the conjurers themselves are asking for baptism at the hands of the missionaries. The day before the arrival of the Rev. Peter Jacobs, I admitted into the visible Church of Christ five

children of the chief of a few remaining pagans of Norway House. At Jackson Bay and Oxford House we baptized thirty-four souls.* We have one hundred and twenty in society at Rossville, and ten on trial; the school is also prospering. Since the arrival of Mr. James Isbister from Nelson River, (whose diligent and persevering application to the duties of his office I cannot but commend,) the children have made rapid progress. There are seventy-four scholars, divided into ten classes, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing. Many of the children love the school, and beg to remain at the village, when necessity compels their parents to leave, that they may go to school. Their good conduct and regular attendance are truly pleasing; and we have every reason to hope that they will be a blessing to the land of their birth; certain it is, they will be much more intelligent than their fathers. But we never forget, that grace alone can renew the heart, and make them "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Our church has undergone repairs. During the winter we sawed timber for weather-boarding, which was planed in the spring, and put up. The building now looks very well, and will last for years, as it has been painted both inside and out. Toward defraying the expenses incurred, I am glad to acknowledge the liberal contribution of George Barnston, Esquire, of £5, and also £2 for prizes to the school children. The Christian Indians gave three days' work each, and some of them are becoming quite expert joiners.

A great stimulus was given to the children's progress in learning, and to the mission generally, by the interest which George Barnston, Esquire, has taken in the prosperity of our cause, and by the very liberal contributions of some of the honorable company's officers, a list of which I now forward you for due insertion. (The transfers will appear in the company's account next year.)

Our operations in the printing department have been somewhat retarded by the want of a printer and an ink ball; yet, notwithstanding, we managed to take off an edition, of St. John's Gospel, six copies of which I now for-

* More than eight hundred baptisms are registered on this station since the commencement of the mission, in the year 1840.

ward you. This will be a great blessing to our Indians, especially when far away from their homes and the appointed means of grace, endeavoring to obtain food and clothing for their families by the only means these cold and desolate regions afford, namely, hunting. Our Indians are fond of reading, and highly value the books printed in the syllabic characters, a knowledge of which they soon acquire. This additional publication will be to them a rich mine of spiritual wealth, imparting light to their minds, consolation to their hearts, and will lead them to hope and prepare for a better and brighter world above. We need help in this department; for we are quite out of our hymn-books, prayer-books, and catechisms, translations of which works are ready for a second and third edition.

My own proper work, thank God, I have been enabled to perform during the past year without intermission: preaching once in English to the residents of the company's fort, Norway House, and twice in Indian at Rossville, every Sabbath. In both places the congregations are good, and the people give great attention to the word of life. Our school examination, conducted by George Barnston, Esquire, was a very interesting occasion; £10 in goods and provisions were distributed; and truly sorry we were that Mr. Jacobs had not arrived to enjoy the scene.

I forward you, also, by this opportunity two letters from the Saskatchewan, one from James Hope, and the other from Batosh; the earnest and touching appeal for help I hope will be met by our conference in Canada. Another priest has gone up there this summer.

THE END.

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